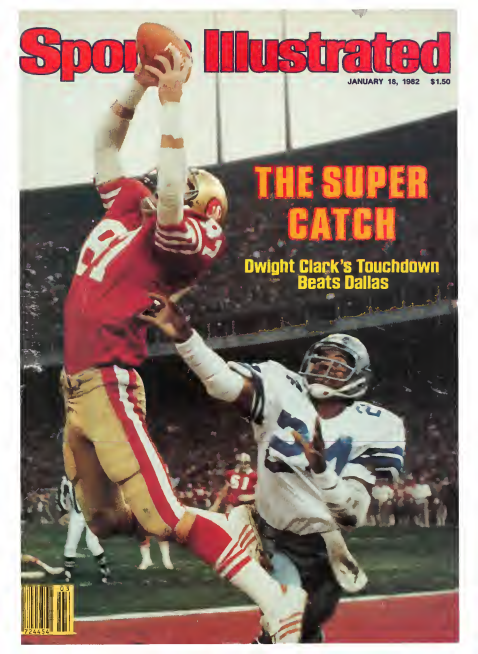


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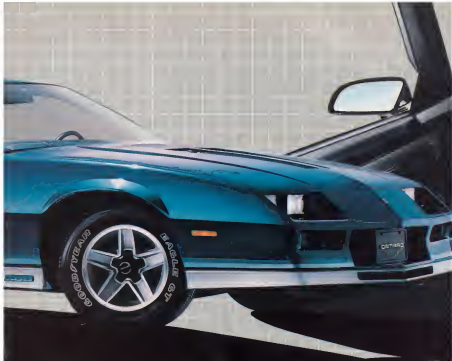
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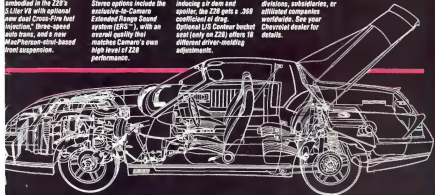
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



NEFF: MAKING A SPLASH AT A TENDER AGE

Staff Writer Craig Neff has a problem that a lot of us would like to have. He appears somewhat younger than his age, which is all of 24. That makes Neff our youngest writer, and if he looks less than his years, he writes beyond them, as you will see from his story on The U.S. Swimming International that begins on page 103.

Still, there's that baby face. You can almost understand the reaction of Pitt Football Coach Jackie Sherrill when Neff arrived to interview him last October. "Are you sure your mother knows you're here?" Sherrill asked. That Sherrill kept repeating the remark annoyed Neff. So did the fact that as a swim meet not long ago ABC sports-caster Jim Lampley mistook our 130-page reporter for a student golfer—a risky error, because Neff isn't a man to be trifled with: He was a state finalist as a prep school wrestler, albeit at 112 pounds.

Neff comes from a small town in a small state, Roxbury, Conn., and first indicated his journalistic precocity at the age of 10, when he taped his own imaginary broadcasts of Baltimore Colts games—play-by-play, locker-room interviews and all. To this day, he can do a passable Johnny Unitas.

He attended the Canterbury School

in New Milford, Conn., where he lettered in cross-country and baseball as well as wrestling. In college, at Colgate, he majored in political science, worked for the school radio station and served the Colgate News, one of the two weeklies on campus, as both sports and executive editor. He spent several summers working on a farm and says, "After watching what they do to pigs and chickens, journalism can seem pretty attractive."

It was in the summer of 1978 that Neff first came to SI as an intern. "He looked like a refugee from Our Gang," recalls fellow writer Steve Wulf, "but my doubts about his maturity were quickly dispelled when I saw how much rage he had at shortstop—and at the typewriter."

After graduation from Colgate in '79, Neff took a job as a general assignment reporter for *The Register* in Torrington, Conn., but he left after only three weeks—*The Register* still has a Craig Neff Memorial Chair in its offices—when SI asked him to come back as a reporter. He became a writer last November.

In his relatively short time with the magazine, Neff has covered football, basketball, track, road running, wrestling and swimming, the last being something of a specialty, although, he says, "My own butterfly is not yet out of the cocoon."

By and large, Neff has found his youthful countenance to be an advantage on the job. For his Rose Bowl story two weeks ago, he went undercover in gold and black to an Iowa pep rally, where "two people came up to me and swore they knew me from Des Moines." And last year, while working on a prospective story on Kentucky wrestler Ricky Delagalia, he went down to the wrestling room for a work-out and established an immediate rapport with the team members. They thought he was a high school recruit.

Philip H. Hurd



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Sports Illustrated

On The Scene

by JILL LIEBER

DOMES FEVER HAS STRUCK, PROMISING MANY A NEW SPORTS CASTLE IN THE AIR

There is a lot of talk these days about domes. Domes in the desert, domes over stores, domes on the moon, at the bottom of the sea, a dome for Nome. All of these ultramodern environments are the creations or expectations of Geiger Berger Associates, a New York engineering firm, and all stem from the technology that was defined and refined with the construction of the Pontiac (Mich.) Silverdome, where Super Bowl XVI will be played on Jan. 24. That technology has been further advanced as Geiger Berger's list of air-supported, fabric-domed buildings has grown to include, among others, the Carrier Dome at Syracuse University, the Hubert H. Humphrey Metrodome in Minneapolis, the Thomas E. Leavay Activities Center at the University of Santa Clara, the Sun Dome at the University of South Florida, the Ice Arena at MIT, the Lindsay Park Aquatic Center in Calgary, the Stephen C. O'Connell Center at the University of Florida and the B.C. Place Amphitheater in Vancouver.

David Geiger, the president of the company, has long been driven in his work by the belief that "people don't want to play in well-lit caves," and thus he uses a Teflon-coated fabric that's translucent. Geiger has obtained four patents and has become recognized as the world's leading authority on fabric roofs. He sees stadiums and sports arenas as natural—and necessary—small steps on the way to the giant leap of doming cities.

Geiger and chairman of the board Horst Berger formed Geiger Berger Associates in 1969, after Geiger had been commissioned to design the U.S. Pavilion at the 1970 World's Fair in Osaka, Japan. "We won with an air structure because a world's exhibition is traditionally where new technology is introduced," Geiger says. "But it isn't always that technology that winds up being put into use later on in actual building; consider the one-of-a-kind Eiffel Tower."

The U.S. Pavilion turned out to be one smashing success, and it sent Geiger

Berger on his way. Next came the UNI-Dome, an air-supported fabric roof enclosing 218,000 square feet at the University of Northern Iowa. And, after that, the Silverdome, the largest air-supported, fabric-domed stadium in the world.

The dome rises to a height of 205 feet above the playing field at its highest point, and is inflated by 29 large fans. Once inflated, only two or three fans are needed to supply normal operating air pressure of 3.5 pounds per square foot above atmospheric pressure and to interchange the air for ventilation.

A recent risk-analysis study sponsored by Owens-Corning, which along with the Chemical Fibrics Corporation is one of the top manufacturers of the Teflon-coated fiberglass panels used in the roofs, found fabric structures safer than conventional, rigid roofs because their lightweight materials aren't a major threat to crowds in the event of failure. For example, when 10 feet of snow smothered Minneapolis in less than a day last November and the snowmelt systems at the Metrodome hadn't been turned on, the weight of the snow ripped one of the 106 panels in the 9½-acre, 340-ton roof. And, just as it was supposed to do, the dome deflated. In a deflated state, the fabric hangs well above the seats and the field and is perfectly safe. ("There will never

down would be replayed in that event.

One of the most appealing aspects of air-supported fabric roofs is the moderate cost. The 80,400-seat Silverdome was built for \$41.8 million, or about \$529 per seat, and the \$28 million Carrier Dome cost about \$554 per seat. Compare that to the rigid-structure domes: The \$121.6 million New Orleans Superdome cost \$2,244 per seat, the \$67 million Seattle Kingdome \$1,432 per seat, and the \$24.4 million Houston Astrodomes \$1,302 per seat.

"The only complaint I've heard about the Silverdome," Geiger says, laughing, "is that it's very noisy. The roof holds in sound. But in building any big stadiums, team officials always say, 'Don't make it too dead.' That's part of the 'home-court advantage.'"

After the Silverdome, where is all this technology leading? No rigid-structure domes have been built in the last seven years; all large domes put up in that time, except one of wood, have been Geiger Berger air-supported fabric domes. Geiger predicts that two to three new fabric-domed stadiums will be built in North America every year for at least the next 10 years. He also says he expects many existing stadiums to be covered with air-supported fabric domes. "A fabric dome roof can cover any shape," Geiger says.

"It takes the weight off existing columns. And it can be done very cheaply." Geiger Berger already has had feelers about covering Giants Stadium, Milwaukee County Stadium and Candlestick Park.

And, down the road, will come bigger and better things: domes over entire cities. Geiger believes that this prospect is only 30 years away.

"We can make new materials in outer space—steel cables that are 1,000 times stronger and the size of a whisker," Geiger says. "We can make a glass covering that is one molecule thick but is as flexible as Saran Wrap. We'll be covering cities with materials people can barely see. H.G. Wells wrote in 1890 about a fabric dome covering London. Well, he really was quite prophetic, since the materials, design and engineering he described are virtually the same as those we are using today."

"A lot of engineers have dreamed dreams, but we have been able to make ours happen."



ILLUSTRATION BY KEVIN BROWN

be another Kansas City or Hartford," Geiger says, in reference to rigid-structure roofs that have caved in.) It took four days to re-inflate the Metrodome.

The Silverdome deflated a year after the roof was raised when a tornado blew out a piece of metal siding. "People eating in the Stadium Club restaurant watched the roof come down," Geiger says. "In fact, when the roof was in a deflated state, two football games were played. The roof was 100 feet off the floor instead of 205. The only major problem was what to do if the ball hit the roof."

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35 mpg for comparison. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. Your mileage may vary because of weather, speed or trip length. California figures will be only one mile per gallon lower.

The interior does nothing to deny a sporty image, either. Instruments include a tachometer and quartz digital clock. There are reclining front bucket seats and a 4-spoke sport steering wheel. And a remote control outside rearview mirror.

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSCHENBAUM

TWO CASES OF INTEGRITY

It's hard to imagine anything in sport more disturbing than the possibility that participants might not always be doing their best to win. Last week NBA Commissioner Larry O'Brien fined a club owner \$10,000 for raising just such a specter. Meanwhile, Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn was characteristically mum about indications that big league teams might be similarly withholding their best efforts.

O'Brien leveled the fine against the San Diego Clippers' Donald T. Sterling, whose team has one of the two worst records this season, the Dallas Mavericks having the other, in the Western Conference. Sterling intimated in a speech that he would like to see the Clippers finish last and win the coin toss with the Eastern Conference's worst team, so that San Diego would be awarded the first pick in the next college draft, in which Virginia's 7' 4" Ralph Sampson is likely to be the plum. "We must end up last to draw first and get a franchise-maker," Sterling said. "I guarantee you that we will have the first, second or third pick in the next draft." Sterling also said he was reluctant to acquire Seattle Guard Paul Westphal, who has reached an impasse in contract negotiations with the SuperSonics. The owner explained that "Westphal would win us games" and thus make it less likely that the Clippers would finish in the cellar.

In a letter to Sterling informing him of the fine, O'Brien said, "Our fans rightfully expect that the management and players of every NBA team are striving at all times to compete at the highest level possible. . . . Your unfortunate comments strike at the integrity of this league and cannot be excused." After learning of O'Brien's action, Sterling, who indicated that he would appeal the fine, tried to explain away his remarks by saying, "We want to win and we want to improve our team. What I meant was that the fans shouldn't lose hope, although we are losing. I meant to tell them that from

all this something good might come."

Meanwhile, questions about just how committed to victory baseball owners might be have been prompted by the unaccustomed caution they have exercised in dealing with the current crop of 41 free agents, only 13 of whom have been signed so far. Seven of the signees have returned to their original teams, and the money offered has generally been far less generous than in the past. There would be nothing wrong with this if each of the 26 big-league owners had independently determined that he could no longer afford megabuck free-agent contracts. But Marvin Miller, executive director of the Major League Players Association, alleged last week that the clubs were not acting independently but were guilty of collusion; Miller charged they had acted in concert to keep the lid on free-agent salaries in violation of a provision in the basic player-management agreement that such negotiations be conducted "solely by each player and each club for his and its own benefit." Miller was reportedly considering filing an arbitration grievance in the matter.

Inherent in any finding that the owners were guilty of collusion would be the implication that at least some of them had refrained from bidding for the best talent available, thereby improving their teams, even though they could afford to do so. Nevertheless, although he talks about protecting the game's integrity, Kuhn has evinced no interest in determining whether such collusion exists. Neither has he reacted to threats by Chicago White Sox owner Jerry Reinsdorf to thwart the free-agency process in another way if a team other than the Sox should sign Ed Farmer, the club's free agent pitcher. As compensation for such a signing, the White Sox would be entitled to select a player from a pool stocked for that purpose by all the teams participating in the free-agent draft. But Reinsdorf says he would be "inclined" to select a pool player only from the team signing Farmer, thus implementing

a form of direct compensation, something the owners sought during last year's negotiations but failed to get even after enduring a disastrous players' strike over the issue. Reinsdorf's threat suggests that he would conceivably select a pool player of lesser quality than other available players. That would scarcely make the White Sox a better team. But then, baseball owners don't appear to be under the same compulsion as NBA owners to, in O'Brien's phrase, strive "at all times to compete at the highest level possible."

TORPID START, CALAMITOUS FINISH

We would be remiss in letting the 1981 football season become history without taking due note of two games, one pro-



fessional and one high school, that were memorable for their start and finish, respectively.

THE WHAT-ARE-WE-DOING-HERE-ANYWAY BOWL. In the season finale between the NFL's two worst teams before 17,073 spectators in Baltimore's 60,714-seat Memorial Stadium, the Colts outlasted the Patriots 23-21, leaving both teams with 2-14 records. The following are the game's first seven plays from scrimmage: Patriot Vagas Ferguson dropped for a one-yard loss; after five-yard New England false start penalty, Patriot Sam Cunningham stopped for no gain; upon being sacked, Quarterback Tom Owen fumbled but recovered for an eight-yard loss; Colt Ray Butler fumbled Rich Camarillo's punt and New England recovered, but play nullified because of Patriot

continued

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penalty; Camarillo bobbled snap and got off eight-yard punt; Baltimore's Curtis Dickey dropped for two-yard loss.

THE GAME'S-NOT-OVER-TILL-IT'S-OVER CLASSIC. With five seconds to play and his team leading 24-21 in a state regional playoff game, Quarterback Butch Ross of Shawnee Mission (Kans.) South High merely had to take the snap on his opponents' 40-yard line and fall on the ball to wrap up a victory over Shawnee Mission West. Instead, Ross took the snap, retreated toward his own goal line and waited for the five seconds to elapse. Then, to celebrate their team's apparent victory, South High fans descended onto the field, and a couple of West players congratulated Ross. Less gracious, however, was West Safety John Reichart, who raced up to the unsuspecting Ross, snatched the ball from him and ran into South's end zone. Reichart felt that because Ross had never downed the ball, it was still in play. The officials agreed, ruling it a touchdown for West, which thus won 27-24. "The rule states that play continues until [the ball] is blown dead and the official moves in," Nelson Hartman, executive secretary of the Kansas State High School Activities Association, said in upholding the ruling. "For the play to be dead, Ross's knee had to touch the ground." South partisans objected that if the ball indeed was still in play, the ref should have penalized one side or the other for having too many players, not to mention fans, on the field. But it was only South people, thinking the game was over and won, who had been guilty of this transgression. Hartman concluded, "There were at least one player and four officials who realized the game wasn't over."

WHAT ABOUT THE LAUGH TRACK?

You've no doubt heard people express the fear that sports events will one day be held in oversized TV studios instead of before live, paying audiences. Well, that prospect may be closer at hand than you think. Consider the deal the USA Network, a cable outfit, has just completed to telecast a taped replay of the Continental Basketball Association's All-Star Game (8 p.m. E.S.T., Feb. 1). The USA Network's programming reaches 9.2 million homes containing 25 million viewers, and it's possible that as many as one million of those folks may tune in to the CBA game. In comparison, total live attendance during the 36-year history of

continued



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the CBA and its predecessor, the Eastern League, has probably been no more than 2.5 million. A euphoric Jim Drucker, the CBA commissioner, says, "Do you realize that if our All-Star Game reached even 10 percent of the potential audience, we'd be seen by more people in one night than in all our games since we began playing in 1946?"

The game itself, incidentally, will be played at 2 p.m. on Jan. 30 in the Byrne Arena in East Rutherford, N.J. The seating capacity is 20,149, but it won't matter, financially, how many spectators show up. As one would expect of such a studio production, admission is free.

BUT THEY CAN COUNT TO NO. 1

After Georgia won college football's national championship a year ago, we recounted, under the same headline that appears above, a joke that fans of rival Georgia Tech were telling (SCORECARD, Jan. 12, 1981). The story concerned a talking computer that asked people their occupations and IQs. To a brainy lawyer, the computer would, by way of reply, rattle off a summary of the latest Supreme Court decisions, while a stockbroker would be given up-to-the-minute market quotations. Then there was the fellow who, when asked his occupation and IQ, haltingly answered, "Unemployed and 46." Whereupon the computer said, "How 'bout them Dawgs?"

You didn't expect Clemson, which succeeded Georgia as the No. 1 team, to be spared similar treatment, did you? No way. So here's one that's currently making the rounds among followers of cross-state rival South Carolina:

Do you know what the "n" in Clemson stands for?

No, what?

Knowledge.

THE BOWL SWEEPSTAKES

Speaking of Clemson, remember how everybody at that school was up in arms over ABC-TV's Nov. 28 report about alleged transgressions by Tiger recruiters? Clemson fans protested that the network, which would telecast the Pitt-Georgia Sugar Bowl game on New Year's Day, had aired the report in hopes of somehow undermining the Clemson-Nebraska Orange Bowl game scheduled on NBC at the same hour (SCORECARD, Dec. 14). Well, if that was ABC's motive, it didn't work. NBC's telecast of Clemson's 22-15 win over the Cornhuskers

wound up clobbering the ABC offering (Pitt beat Georgia 24-20) in the Nielsen ratings 18.0 to 11.8.

It might be argued, of course, that ABC would have fared even worse but for the damage its report inflicted on Clemson's reputation. However, that seems most unlikely. Despite its No. 1 ranking, Clemson was a little-known team with nobody on its roster to rival the two big names in the ABC game, Herschel Walker of Georgia and Dan Marino of Pitt. In view of that, Clemson's TV appeal probably was heightened by the notoriety it received from the ABC report—and, not incidentally, from the loud and angry reaction to it by Tiger rosters.

But forget the ABC-NBC showdown. The big Jan. 1 winner was CBS, which opposed the two bowls with its regular Friday-night lineup. In most of the country this consisted of *Dukes of Hazard*, *Dallas* and *Falcon Crest* (SCORECARD, Dec. 28-Jan. 4). CBS's ratings for those three shows averaged 26.1, more than eight points better than NBC and more than 14 up on ABC.

SPINKLESS

It was founded as a journal of baseball, horse racing and the theater. It soon became a straight baseball paper, the game's so-called bible. In recent times it has expanded to embrace a variety of sports. But one thing that has remained constant about *The Sporting News*, the venerable St. Louis-based weekly, is its association with the family of Alfred H. Spink, a North Dakota homesteader's son who started the publication in 1886 and was succeeded at the top of the masthead in 1897 by his brother Charles, who in turn yielded control to his son J.G. Taylor Spink, the editor from 1914 until his death in 1962, at which time his son, C.C. Johnson Spink, took over.

Now, for the first time in its history, *The Sporting News* is Spinkless. This week C.C. Johnson, 65, is retiring as the publication's chairman, leaving the paper in the hands of the Times Mirror Company, which bought it in 1977.

Spink has been preparing for this fateful moment ever since he sold *The Sporting News*, on which occasion he wore the suit in which he'd been married, his father's watch and his grandfather's tie tack. Spink, who is childless, concedes that he wouldn't have unloaded the paper "if I had had a son, and if I

had felt confident he could carry on." Of his half century with *The Sporting News* as stock boy, ad salesman, proofreader, advertising director, vice-president, president, editor, publisher and, finally, chairman, he says, "I'm inclined to remember only the good things in sports, like the time Stan Musial hit five homers in one day. With today's violence, drugs and all the problems with college athletics, it's sometimes hard. But I'm sure if I lived another 20 years, I'd look back and say I wish it were 1982 again, when things weren't so troubled. We've had bad and good, and we'll have bad and good. It will ever be thus."

HARRIER HUNOR

The Athletics Congress has come out with the latest edition of *Cross Country Handbook*, a compendium of records, rules, dockings and scoring analyses pertaining to that sport. The publication ends with a joke, which is herewith reprinted, quirky capitalization and all: "If Ayatollah once, Ayatollah a hundred times, Iran is not a Cross Country." Coming as it does at the conclusion of an otherwise sober-sided 48-page romp over statistical hill and dale, that line strongly suggests there's such a thing as the editor's equivalent of runner's high.

THEY SAID IT

●Chuck Nevitt, North Carolina State basketball player, explaining to Coach Jim Valvano why he appeared nervous at practice: "My sister's expecting a baby, and I don't know if I'm going to be an uncle or an aunt."

●Clyde Vaughan, Pitt basketball player, after consulting about an injured thumb with a psychologist, Gerry Chesin, who uses hypnosis to get the Panthers to play up to their potential: "He told me I don't have any pain so I don't have any pain. But for someone who doesn't have any pain, I'm in pain."

●Weldon Drew, New Mexico State basketball coach, explaining the Aggies' 1-3 start: "We have a great bunch of outside shooters. Unfortunately, all of our games are played indoors."

●Phil Carter, basketball coach at Baptist College in Charleston, S.C., after being told he couldn't use a TV set to watch game tapes until secretaries in the athletic department office had finished watching the soap opera *General Hospital*: "Who says college athletics don't have their priorities right?"

END



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Off On The Wrong Foot

...but right on target was 49er Joe Montana as he took aim at the NFC title **by PAUL ZIMMERMAN**

It will be part of San Francisco's history; it will become a legend of this city, right up there with the Great Earthquake of 1906. The Drive. Eighty-nine yards to the Super Bowl, 89 yards at the end of a day that seemed hopeless. The Drive. In 10 years at least half a million people will claim to have been in Candlestick Park the day the 49ers drove the length of the field in 13 plays to beat Dallas 28-27 and win a trip to Supe XVI. In 20 years the number of people who were there will be more than a million.

"Were you in Candlestick that day, Grandpa?"

"Damn right I was."

"Tell me about it?"

"Well, you see, there were less than five minutes left and it looked bad for us, boy, real bad. . . ."

Eddie DeBartolo, the team's owner, didn't see The Drive. He had threaded his way through the crowd to get down near the 49er locker room so he could tell his players how proud he was of them in defeat. "Before that, I'd been out on the deck outside our box leading cheers," he said, "but now it looked hopeless. Just hopeless. I wanted to get in the locker room to commiserate with them."

It hadn't been the 49ers' day. They had turned the ball

continued

Under heavy pressure, Montana lofts the game-winning pass Clark caught for a TD.





over only 25 times in 16 regular season games, but they had coughed it up six times against the Cowboys, two of the turnovers leading to touchdowns. Two interference penalties against their brilliant rookie cornerback, Ronnie Lott (one of them on a very questionable call by Side Judge Dean Look), had led to 10 more points. A tough game. The lead had already changed hands five times, with neither team ever leading by more than a touchdown. The 49ers had moved smartly up and down the field and outgated the Cowboys, but Dallas had an historical hook into them in playoff action—the Cowboys had knocked them out of their last three playoffs—and as the 49ers took the ball on their own 11-yard line, down 27-21 with 4:54 left, a deep gloom settled over the Candlestick fans.

"I didn't feel gloomy, I felt like we were going to win," said John Brodie, who'd been the 49ers' playoff quarterback in the 1970s. "I knew we were the better team, I'm so sick of Dallas saying, 'Well, those weren't the real Cowboys out there.' They said it when we beat 'em this year and when the Giants beat 'em. How many guys do they carry on their roster anyway?"

"I looked down the field and I saw that patch of grass between our huddle and their goal posts," San Francisco Center Fred Quillian said, "and I thought, 'That's it. That one patch of grass between us and the Super Bowl.'"

Bill Walsh, the 49er coach, gave Quarterback Joe Montana the first two plays to call, sent him out and adjusted his head set. He checked his phone hookup with Line Coach Bobb McKittrick, 10 yards upfield, and Quarterback Coach

Sam Wyche, in the press box. He looked up at the clock.

"Almost five minutes left and all our time-outs," Walsh would say. "I liked our chances. If we got as far as the 35, we'd go for it on fourth down, no matter what. If we got stopped before that, we'd probably punt."

The Cowboys were in their nickel defense—four linemen, one linebacker, Champ Dickerson, and six backs. On the first play, Montana threw low on a little dump-off pass to Lenny Elliott, his halfback. Elliott is 30 years old, a Cincinnati castoff. The speed is gone from his legs, but San Francisco activated him the previous week because he knows Walsh's passing scheme. Misfire, second and 10. A draw play to Elliott picked up six. "I cut-blocked Dickerson, and he went flying through the air and landed on his head," Quillian said. "I don't think he expected that. I think the run surprised them a little."

Walsh signaled a sideline pass to Flanker Freddie Solomon. He grabbed the ball just above his knees for a six-yard gain and a first down on the 23.

"Bob-18," McKittrick said into his head phones—Elliott sweeping right and both guards, John Ayers and Randy Cross, pulling. "Our best running play for the last three years," McKittrick calls it. It picked up 11 yards. First down on the 49er 34.

"Let's run it the other way," Wyche called down from the press box. "You got it," Walsh said. Bob-19, Elliott sweeping left, good for seven yards. Ayers, who'd thrown the springing block, jacked himself up slowly. He looked over at Dallas' Randy White,



With 14:12 to go, the 49ers make a big

who'd been battling him all day. White was still down. "We were both laying there," Ayers said, "but he didn't get up right away." White left the game for Bruce Thornton. Leg and chest cramps.

"Before our last drive," Cross said, "Walt Downing, our reserve center, came up to me and said, 'Wait till you see the films of Ayers vs. Randy White. They've been flailing and kicking and screaming all day.'"

Activated for the playoffs, Elliott got the 49ers' final drive under way by bolting up the middle for six, then sweeping right for 11.





save, Wright breaking up a pass to Doug Cosbie that would have put Dallas up 23-21.

On second and three Montana misfired to Elliott. Thornton was called off-side on the next play, and the 49ers had a first down on the 46. White came back in, the 49ers completed a five-yard curl pass to Fullback Earl Cooper, and the two-minute warning sounded. Cross, who'd been battling the flu, along with a dozen other 49ers, dropped to one knee and got sick on the field.

"I'd thrown up on the sidelines twice

before that," he said. "This time I couldn't make it over there. A couple of guys in the huddle got annoyed. They said, 'What the hell did you want to do that here for?' I said, 'Sorry, I couldn't help it.'"

On the sidelines Walsh asked Montana, "What do you think of Freddie Solomon on a reverse left?" "I'm not sure," Montana said. Then he said, "O.K., I'll block the defensive end," who was Har-

vey Martin. "I aim for the knees," Montana said later. "The great equalizer. Actually, Harvey went upfield, and I sort of collided with Randy White, chest high. I remember last game I did that once and he just started laughing."

The reverse gained 14 yards to the Cowboy 35, then Montana drilled Split End Dwight Clark on an out pattern, right, for 10 more, a very risky, low-percentage pass into the teeth of double coverage by Everson Walls, who'd already intercepted two, and Nickel Back Benny Barnes. "Walls actually got a hand on it," Clark said. "Then the ball hit me in the chest." "I thought it would be a knockdown for Walls," Montana said.

A minute and a half left now, Montana hit Solomon on an underneath pattern for 12, down to the 13-yard line, and the 49ers called time with 1:15 showing. Clark slowly sank to the ground. Hal Wyatt, the co-trainer, went out to him. "You O.K.?" he asked. "Water, gimme some water," Clark said. Half a dozen Cowboys were on one knee, heads down, chests heaving. "I looked over at them," Cross said. "They had, well, I don't want to say, a beaten look, but I saw on their faces the same look Thomas Hearn had when Sugar Ray hit him a few times. They had had us backed up, but now they were no longer the aggressors. They were fighting for their lives."

The 49er coaches had taken off their head sets. Walsh talked to McKittrick. They conferred with Montana. The play would be 29-Scissors, the big banana, Solomon dipping inside and then breaking for the left corner, behind a semi-

pick by Mike Wilson, who'd replaced

Four plays later, Solomon's end-around went for 14 to the Dallas 35. Elliott's seven-yard sweep to the six set up the TD pass.



Clark. A TD play, Solomon got clear, but the ball sailed wide. Walsh, who seldom shows emotion, let out a yell and leaped high in the air.

"I jumped as high as I've ever jumped in my life," he said. "I thought that was the championship right there. We were



But for Wright's firm grasp, the speeding Pearson might have scored winning TD.



never going to get that open again. It had worked perfectly to get Solomon free in the end zone, and we missed it."

"The timing on it was a little off," Montana said. "Yeah, I did happen to see Coach Walsh's reaction. He looked pretty disgusted."

Second and 10 from the 13. "Eighteen or 19-Bob," McKittrick told Walsh. "Pick one." He picked 19, sweep left. It gained seven yards, down to the Cowboy six. "I wasn't thinking TD in that situation," Elliott said. "I was thinking, 'Hold on to the ball, get as much as you can, try to get out of bounds.'"

"They were executing with guys that I didn't even know who they were," Cowboy Strong Safety Charlie Waters said. "I mean who is No. 35? [Elliott]. Who was that No. 30 [Bill Ring] who was in there? I don't mean to be demeaning, but they're not exactly Tony Dorsetts."

"I felt like running out on the field and tackling somebody," said Cowboy Quarterback Danny White.

The 49ers called time with 58 seconds showing. The Cowboys got out of their nickel defense and put three linebackers back in. "Bob-18," McKittrick told Walsh. Sweep right. Walsh shook his head. "We'll pass," he said. "Sprint right option." In the press box Wyche smiled. It was the play that had given the 49ers their first touchdown. Solomon skotted inside Clark on the right side and breaking to the corner after Clark had cleared out underneath in a semi-pick. But it was Step Two of the play that Wyche really enjoyed. Step Two, if Solomon were covered, involved Clark's cutting across the end zone, right to left, doing an about face and breaking back right. Montana, rolling to his right, had to find him.

Clark, 6' 4" and 210 pounds, is one of the NFL's great possession receivers. The 49ers drafted him out of Clemson in the 10th round in 1979 when they'd gone there to scout Steve Fuller, the quarterback. They had liked the way Clark worked with him in practice. The stop and reverse move is something Clark and Montana have going together. They'll work on it on their own time in practice. "We practiced it from Day One in training camp in Sierra College in Rocklin, Calif.," Wyche said.

"Surround Joe," Quillan told the line-

men in that final huddle. "Give him time." The Cowboys gathered themselves for one last rush. Montana scrambled right. Solomon was covered. Too Tall Jones and Larry Bethen and a blitzing D.D. Lewis were closing in, forcing Montana to the sidelines. "I wasn't going to take the sack," he said. "I couldn't see Dwight open. I knew he had to be at the back of the end zone. I let the ball go. I got hit and wound up on my back. I rolled over. I saw Dwight's feet hit the ground. I heard the crowd screaming."

They were screaming partly from the memory of another great 49er combination, Y.A. Tittle to R.C. Owens, the famous Alley Oop, only this time it was Clark who climbed the sky wire and came down with six points with 51 seconds left. "It was over my head," Clark said. "I thought, 'Oh oh, I can't go that high.' Something got me up there. It must have been God or something."

Walls had lost coverage on Clark. The supposed double coverage never came.

"They're so good at it," Waters said. "It's kind of like sandlot football, but they're the best I've ever seen at it in the NFL. It's like Fran Tarkenton football, maybe even better than Tarkenton."

The game now stood tied, but, almost anticlimactically, Ray Wersching's extra point resolved the issue. One thrill was left for the record crowd of 60,525. The Cowboys had one last gasp, a 31-yard pass from White to Drew Pearson that carried to the 49er 44-yard line and was halted only because Cornerback Eric Wright got a hand on Pearson's collar and yanked backward. Ten or 15 yards more and Dallas would have had a shot at a winning field goal. It was lights out on the next play, though, when Tackle Larry Pilers shot up the middle, sacked White into a fumble, and End Jim Stuckey recovered.

"The center had pulled out to help on Fred Dean," Pilers said. "I grabbed the center's jersey and hung on for the ride. He pulled me right up to the quarterback and gave me the extra momentum."

Later on, Dallas Coach Tom Landry was asked what was the key to the 49er victory. "Montana has to be the key," he said. "There really is nothing else there except the quarterback."

Well, Cincinnati will find out in the Silverdome. Even now the Cowboys don't seem to be fully convinced, but they're still suffering from shock. The shock of The Drive.

The Cowboys' last gasp: Stuckey recovers White's fumble with just 30 seconds left.

Winning With Cold Efficiency

by RON FIMRITE

Johnny, how cold was it? It was 50-0-0-0 cold that. . . Well, let's put it this way: It was the coldest Jan. 10 in Cincinnati history and probably the coldest game played in the NFL since the discovery of the wind-chill factor. It was nine below zero at the start of Sunday's American Football Conference champi-

The curious thing is that it was obviously cold on only one side of the line of scrimmage. The Cincinnati offensive linemen even played in short-sleeved jerseys, attire more suitable to the Hula Bowl. Bengal Quarterback Ken Anderson whistled his passes hard and accurately into the teeth of the arctic winds while his San Diego counterpart, Dan Fouts, seemed to be sailing kites. "You can't throw a ball you can't grip," said his tight end, Kellen Winslow. "The ball wasn't hard to handle," said Anderson. Anderson threw no interceptions; Fouts had two costly ones. And of the Chargers' four fumbles, two fell from their frostbitten fingers into the hot hands of the ene-

Calif. and Titusville, Fla., respectively.

No, the fact is the Bengals were just tougher, smarter and better. Cincinnati's defense frustrated the Chargers every bit as often as the wind and the chill, and the Bengal offense would have pursued its relentless game plan if the two teams had played on an ice floe, which was virtually the case.

The Bengals outsmarted the Chargers from the very outset when, after winning the toss, they elected to kick off and defend with the wind at their backs, hoping that the nor'wester would blow down the vaunted San Diego passing attack and force the Chargers to kick into it from a disadvantageous field position. San Die-



onship game in Riverfront Stadium, with northwest winds gusting up to 35 mph, and by the third quarter the old w-c factor had dipped to an estimated 59° below zero. Now that's cold. "I can't ever remember a colder day than this one," said Cincinnati Coach Forrest Gregg after his team had seed the AFC title with a 27-7 win over San Diego. Gregg is an expert on the subject because he played for the Packers in the fabled 1967 Ice Bowl in Green Bay against the Cowboys. On Sunday in Cincinnati the Amundsen polar expedition wouldn't have made it to the 50-yard line.

my, both leading to Bengal scores. "There should be no doubt from now on about the value of the home-field advantage," said Gregg in apparent praise of the Queen City's brutal climate. Could that be it? The Midwesterners were better acclimated to the frigid conditions than the Californians. But how could that be? Nearly half of the Bengals played their college football in Sunbelt states. Two of those bare-armed linemen, Anthony Munoz and Max Montoya, are out of USC and UCLA, respectively. And the two wide receivers, Isaac Curtis and Chris Collinsworth, reside in Santa Ana,

When Anderson couldn't find anyone to throw to, he cold-footed it for big yardage.

go nearly upset this scheme by running Chuck Muncie for a first down on two straight sweeps. Then Fouts decided to test the air. His first pass was blown away from Winslow; his second was in the flat to Wes Chandler for a minuscule one-yard gain and his third danced in the air like a balloon before it dropped short of Charlie Jeaner. Success! Now Punter George Roberts would be obliged to kick a leaden ball with a frozen foot into an icy gale. His wobbler was good for only

continued

27 yards, and the Bengals started a drive from their own 36 that would end with a 31-yard Jim Breech field goal. Breech, a cheerful little (5' 6") Californian, was the only kicker who had any success at all in this game. He would boot another field goal in the third quarter, convert three extra points and even make a tackle on a

escaping Eddie Edwards' rush, lofted a screen pass to Winslow, who broke a succession of tackles for a 33-yard touchdown. That was about the last anyone would see of Winslow—or the Chargers—the rest of the day. On Cincinnati's

A "svelte" 248, Johnson pounded out 80 yards and scored a TD against San Diego.



kick return, something he likes to do from time to time to "show my teammates I'm more than just another flaky kicker."

The Bengals scored again less than a minute after Breech's first field goal when James Brooks fumbled the kickoff after a hit by Cincy's Rick Razzano. Wide Receiver Don Bass, once, but certainly no more, the team's forgotten man, fell on the ball at the Charger 12. Two plays later, Anderson found M.L. Harris, the second tight end in a two-tight-end formation, alone in the end zone for the score. The game wasn't eight minutes old and the Bengals had a 10-point lead.

The Chargers had the wind at their backs in the second quarter and scored almost instantly when Fouts, narrowly

escaping Eddie Edwards' rush, lofted a screen pass to Winslow, who broke a succession of tackles for a 33-yard touchdown. That was about the last anyone would see of Winslow—or the Chargers—the rest of the day. On Cincinnati's

escape 248 pounds (from 249), pounded into the end zone over and through 255-pound John Woodcock for a 17-7 lead.

It was the little-known Bass who put the game in cold storage with 6:52 left to play when he made a brilliant reception of Anderson's three-yard touchdown throw. For a man who made only cameo appearances in three other games this season and who was in on only 10 plays—six of them kickoffs—on Sunday, his contributions to this, his team's biggest victory, were out of all proportion. He had been directly responsible for two of the three Bengal touchdowns. A third-round draft choice out of Houston in 1978, he was a starter until a knee injury sidelined him in the 1980 season. He had expected to spend the afternoon on the Bengals' heated bench, but on Saturday he was told he would at least play on the kickoff team, a dubious honor tendered him, he reasoned, because of a fumble recovery he had made in Cincinnati's regular-season 40-17 win over this same San Diego team. History quietly repeated itself on Sunday, and Bass was prepared to accept this latest fumble recovery against the Chargers as his sole, though hardly insignificant, contribution. Then he was instructed to enter the game in the fourth quarter as a wide receiver. He was convinced he was in purely as a blocker along with tight ends Dan Ross and Harris because the Bengals had first down on the Chargers' four. Bass weighs 220 pounds, nearly 30 more than the skinny Collinsworth and 20 more than another wide receiver, David Verser, who had a sore thumb anyway.

After Johnson gained a yard, Anderson, on instructions from the bench,



On the coldest Jan. 10 ever in Cincy, fans couldn't mask their love for the Bengals.



Part of Cincinnati's game plan, shown here by Louis Breeden (34) and Glenn Cameron, was to keep Muncie (46) from getting outside.

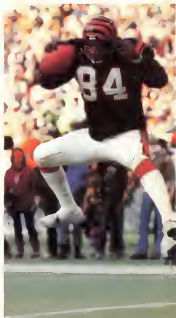
called a pass play—146 All-Cross, which has both tight ends and a running back flooding the strong side while leaving the wide receiver to fend for himself. Anderson said later that Halfback Charles Alexander was his primary target but Bass got open. "I made a head move on [Cornerback Willie] Buchanan to the outside and then hooked inside," Bass said. "I knew he had to respect the outside move because he had no help there. Turns out he had no help on the inside either. It was sweet." It was Bass's first touchdown reception of the season. It was also his first pass reception, period. And how many balls have been thrown his way this year? he was asked. "You just saw it," he replied.

The short-sleeved Bengal linemen simply outmuscled the not-exactly-sturdy Charger defense, and for once the Charger offense, the most productive in NFL history, didn't run up 30 or 40 points. The Cincinnati defense, confronted with a team that had gained 6,744 yards in the regular season, had a game plan of its own. "We have probably the most complex defense in the NFL," said Linebacker Reggie Williams. "We are as versatile as the San Diego offense." The Bengals harried Fouts with variations of their basic 3-4 defense, which included occasional five-linemen lines, in one of which defensive ends Eddie Edwards and Mike St. Clair lined up as inside linebackers and then blitzed.

The defense also "ignited," to use Williams' word, on Winslow and Muncie, the league's leading receiver and touchdown maker, respectively. Winslow was faced with a variety of coverages—both zone and man—and with blitzes on his side that forced him to remain on the line as a blocker. The plan for Muncie was to keep him from breaking to the outside, where his speed is troublesome. Also, if he could be turned inside where the crowds congregate, his chances of fumbling would be enhanced. And, says Williams, "We knew that historically he has a reputation for fumbling the ball." True to form, Muncie fumbled twice, once when a blitzing Williams drove his helmet into the ball, propelling it into the hands of Defensive End Ross Browner. That led to Breech's second field goal, a 38-yarder in the third quarter. Overall, the Bengals outgained San Diego by only 17 yards, but they won the turnover game 4-1.

The bitter weather scarcely cooled the ardor of Cincy fans, who had waited 14 years for a championship. They stomped their cold feet thunderously in the game's dying seconds and showered the frozen field with debris. An even wilder scene took place in San Francisco, where 49er fans had waited 36 years for their championship. So now the former have-nots, both of them 6-10 teams last year, are in the Super Bowl. It must have been a cold day in hell, too.

END



Bass made a TD catch worth celebrating.

The Creature Was Too Much For The Giant

The result, of course, wasn't worth an ash of Dean Smith's cigarette. It's too early. We play them again. Hey, there are too many good teams around to get worked up over one win. "It's basically going to be a fans' game," Virginia's Ralph Sampson had said two days before tip-off. "It's exciting for them but just another game for us."

What it was, quipped John Feinstein of *The Washington Post*, was "this week's game of the century."

And, really, after it was all over at Chapel Hill last Saturday afternoon, after North Carolina had kept another challenger from scaling the fortress, what had been wrought? Well, plenty. The game gave the whole country an opportunity to watch the No. 1 Tar Heels hook up with the No. 2 Cavaliers via TV in a suspenseful showdown. It proved that the 7'4" Sampson can be a devastating offensive force. And, as North Carolina came from behind to win 65-60, the game embellished Dean Smith's reputation as a master strategist. The Tar Heels' 11th victory without a loss gave them undisputed claim to the No. 1 spot in the polls they have enjoyed since the preseason. Twice now North Carolina has beaten its closest pursuer in the rankings. Both Virginia and Kentucky, which fell to Carolina 82-69 on Dec. 26, were undefeated and ranked No. 2 when they played the Tar Heels.

The imprint of the game will remain, not because it was a masterpiece—both sides were guilty of shaky backcourt play—but because so many exceptional players were involved, leading men not only for the present but also for the next few years. For North Carolina there was, enduringly, the Coach, who demonstrated the respect he commands in Chapel Hill with a brief announcement over the public-address system. More on Smith later. There was Michael Jordan, the Natural, a graceful 6'5" freshman who has been subject to endless media comparisons with such ACC stars of the past as David Thompson, Walter Davis and Al Wood. And there was the fierce four-armed, multitallented Worthy-Perkins, a

creature who could be the biggest factor in Smith's drive for his first NCAA crown.

For Virginia, there was the backcourt tandem of Jeff Jones and Costlen Othell Wilson, the former a steady, heady player from Kentucky, the latter a fast, fierier from suburban Washington, D.C. There was Jim Miller, an aw-shucks freshman from the hills of West Virginia and a dabbler in magic, who next summer expects to be pulling basketballs out of his Ronald McDonald suit. Finally, there was, supremely, the 88-inch tailor from Harrisonburg, Va., Ralph Sampson.

College basketball, even when played in The Land of the Four Corners, rarely unfolds according to the script, and this game was no exception. The Cavaliers had relied on balance and depth, with the proud Sampson content to dish off and score about 15 points a game, while Coach Terry Holland gave substantial playing time to no fewer than nine men. Of course, you can do that when you're beating Fairfield 107-66 or BYU-Hawaii 118-84. But on Saturday Sampson kept the ball and put it up—and down, dunking with either hand—for 30 points. He also had 19 rebounds. No other Virginia player got more than seven points or four rebounds.

But Sampson couldn't quite complete the personal epic he'd been building. With 4:01 to go and Virginia up 54-53, he missed two free throws. Trailing 61-58 with 15 seconds left, the Cavaliers went inside to Sampson even though Smith had the entire state of North Carolina collapsing on him—a defense called a point-and-one, a matchup zone variation on the old box-and-one. Sampson missed on a drive in the crowded lane and then missed the follow-up. North Carolina took possession and clinched the game with two free throws at 0:12.

The Tar Heels had defeated tougher competition (Kansas, Southern Cal, Tul-

A four-armed phenom duelled lofty Ralph Sampson as North Carolina beat No. 2 Virginia to remain No. 1

by JACK MCCALLUM



Worthy puts one up as the other half of the tandem, Perkins, blocks out his man.

sa and Kentucky) than Virginia had faced, with a first five that may develop into one of the school's best ever. Only Point Guard Jimmy Black is a senior. Often criticized in the past for oversubstituting, Smith knew almost from the first day of preseason practice that this time he would have to live or die with his starters. Indeed, the Cavs believed that depth was *their* biggest asset. But it was the pressure shooting of North Carolina's sixth man, Jim Braddock,

that decided the issue on Saturday.

Smith's P.A. appearance, which followed a foul call on the Tar Heels' James Worthy with 13:27 remaining, wasn't in the script, either. The Carmichael Auditorium crowd had no sooner begun the popular rhythmic cheer about the waste material of a large farm animal when Smith went to the scorer's table, grabbed a microphone, and said, "No swearing. And no waving hands like that. Let's treat them the right way!" The fans,

properly chastened, applauded and shut up. It was the first time in his 20-year career at Chapel Hill that Smith had washed out a crowd's mouth with soap.

"I'm no prude," said Smith, somewhat embarrassed by the postgame attention given the incident, "but I don't think there's a place for that kind of thing. Hey, you're not going to write that that had anything to do with the game, are you? Our players were the reason we won."

Particularly Jordan and Braddock. Jordan missed all three of his shots in the first half and threw the ball away twice. But he had started slowly against Kentucky, too, before making all six of his second-half field-goal attempts to finish with 21 points. Following Worthy's advice to keep shooting, Jordan made five of seven after the intermission Saturday and finished with 16 points, one fewer than Worthy.

Braddock, a junior, played superbly after Black fouled out with 7:23 to go. Braddock hit both ends of a one-and-one to give the Tar Heels that 61-58 lead with 33 seconds left, and then made the clinching free throws. His teammates weren't surprised by his accuracy at the line. Braddock once made 257 consecutive foul shots in practice and has had the same free-throw ritual—every North Carolina player must establish his own ritual and never deviate from it—since the fourth grade: five bounces, look at the front rim, take a deep breath, shoot.

Good things always seem to happen to loyal Tar Heel foot soldiers like Braddock, a heavily recruited youngster out of Chattanooga who has been overshadowed by Black. Braddock considered transferring after his freshman year but stayed after long deliberation. "I realized I'd have to wait my turn like everybody else," he says. "With Coach Smith you're not going to walk in and start as a freshman—unless you're somebody like Michael Jordan, of course."

Of course. Jordan is that rare player who's able to fit into Smith's system and still come on with his playground moves when they're most effective. "The best thing about Michael is that he pays attention," says Smith. "You tell him something and he does it. He's a freshman with a lot of pressure on him, yet I'd say he's taken no more than two bad shots the entire year. Defensively, of the five starters he's fifth, but that's mainly

continued





CAROLINA VS. VIRGINIA continued

because the four others are so good."

A native of Wilmington, N.C., Jordan is widely thought of as one of those homegrown talents linked umbilically to the UNC campus. Not so. "I grew up hating North Carolina because I rooted for David Thompson and [North Carolina State]," he says. "I didn't like this place until I came here for basketball camp my junior year in high school." Despite his antipathy toward UNC, one of Jordan's heroes is former Tar Heel Walter Davis, with whom he is often, and accurately, compared, though Jordan will probably develop into a better rebounder—he's pulling down 5.3 a game—and defensive player.

Sophomore Matt Doherty is never compared with Davis or other North Carolina swingmen of the past because he lacks their scoring ability. But Do-

Sampson soared for 30 points and pulled down 19 rebounds.

herty is as valuable to the team as anyone. He's an intelligent player who's second to Perkins in field-goal percentage, second to Black in assists, first in free-throw percentage and fourth in scoring. The 6'8" Doherty is destined to be known as the classic overachiever, who, in his own words, "is just here to keep everybody else happy."

The Heels' Worthy-Perkins creature emerged last season and was most prominent when it played 80 minutes in the NCAA semifinal game against Virginia, sandwiching Sampson into an 11-point, nine-rebound nightmare. The result was a 78-65 North Carolina victory that sent the Tar Heels to the title game, which they lost 63-50 to Indiana. Last Thursday, Virginia's assistant coach, Craig Littlepage, made constant and almost unconscious references to "Worthy and Perkins, Perkins and Worthy" as he went over his scouting report sheets.

Indeed, Worthy and Sam Perkins have become such an impressive tandem inside that it's almost impossible to think of one without the other. The most effective shot in college basketball, besides a Sampson slam, may well be Worthy's short turnaround jumper. Virginia, for the most part, took the shot away from him, but he made a turnaround over Miller with 3:47 left that gave North Carolina its first lead since the eight-minute mark of the first half. If Sampson stumbles later in the season, Worthy, a 6'9" junior, could be Player of the Year.

Perkins, a sophomore who also goes six-nine, is a 61.4% shooter with good range on his jump shot, adroit timing as a shot blocker and the composure of a senior. Example: He drew his third foul with 3:32 to go in the first half but didn't commit his fourth until just 4:01 remained in the game. Worthy did move over to cover Sampson much of the sec-

ond half, but the second of Perkins' two blocks, which gave him 28 for the season, was a rejection of a Sampson shot. "I guess I'd say I'm a smaller version of what he is," says Perkins.

At the moment, though, no one comes close to dominating a game the way Sampson does. He banged in consecutive 18-foot jumpers when Virginia was sluggish early in the game. He had Worthy staring at his sneaker treads when he stuffed an alley-oop pass from Jones early in the second half. He may be the only human being in America capable of faking a 10-foot fadeaway jumper and then dunking without traveling as he did when he gave the Cavs their last lead at 58-57 with 2:08 to play, and 2) blocking a Perkins shot while standing flat-footed, as he did in the first half. All that and he sews many of his own shirts because he has trouble buying them off the rack.

Not until Saturday was it clear just how good an offensive player Sampson has become. To say he was overshadowed in Virginia's first 12 games would be inaccurate, but so many other things about the team commanded attention. Like the way the speedy Wilson has helped turn Virginia from the patterned, Jeff Lamp-from-the-corner club of last season to the quick-break, wide-open team of this year. And the play of freshman Guard Tim Mullen, who has earned a starting role with his southpaw shooting. And the potential of Miller, a high-percentage inside shooter who intends to do magic tricks as a summer job at a McDonald's in Charlottesville. And the contribution of backup Center Kenton Edelin, who's shooting 81% from the floor (21 of 26 through Saturday) after arriving as an unlikely walk-on last year. Heck, Virginia even won two games by an average margin of almost 30 points without Sampson, who broke his right ring finger in the third game of the year.

But even the doubters now know that he's worth every dollar the pros will once again offer him after the season. Further, he has developed into a composed and reasonably articulate young man, who did the college game a favor by refusing the jump to the NBA after being named Player of the Year last year as a sophomore. That's probably why no one rebuked him following Saturday's game when he said, "I think it's debatable who's No. 1. I still think we may be the best team in the country."

We'll see.

END

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More Than A Pretty Face

For years Jan Stephenson's claim to fame was that she was the LPGA's designated pinup, but now her golf game is nearly a 10, too

by **BARRY McDERMOTT**



It's the peak of the morning rush hour in L.A., but Jan Stephenson doesn't care that she's an hour late for another million dollars' worth of publicity. She's staring out the window of the car in which she's riding, brooding. She just can't get over the fact that two days earlier in San Jose she had driven her ball out of bounds on the first extra hole of a tournament and lost a playoff. Also, she's exhausted because her hotel reservation

for the previous night was fouled up and she more or less had to sleep on the San Diego Freeway. Plus, she has broken up with her boyfriend—again. She's sick, tired and edgy, with no one to love her. Being a star isn't always what it's cracked up to be.

Stephenson is going to a photo session for *Fairway*, the magazine of the Ladies Professional Golf Association. She sighs. These days life is one photo session after another, one interview after another, one Johnny Carson guest shot after another. The magazine's photographer and his assistants are waiting for her. So are a television crew, lighting men, makeup men, more still photographers and an assortment of anxious golf and television executives.

As the car turns into the studio driveway, they're all lined up outside, standing on tiptoe, some with their hands up to their eyes like Indian scouts. Suddenly one of them is at the car window.

"What?" says Stephenson. The man, speaking solicitously but quickly, wants to know if the car could be backed up. The TV crew, now fumbling frantically with equipment, missed the shot of her arrival. The car reverses. Stephenson mutters, "They better get it right this time."

This time the camera crew dutifully records her entrance, and inside the photo studio everyone is all smiles. They are so happy to see her! Stephenson sizes up the situation immediately, the way she knows right away whether the iron shot facing her is a hard seven or an easy six. She doesn't even bother saying anything like the alarm didn't go off or the traffic was murder. Instead she breezes in and chirps, "I can't believe they gave me such an early shooting. Everybody knows I always get a late pro-am time."

A whole roomful of hearts skips a beat, and not a man stops smiling. Stephenson, the 30-year-old golfing sprite from Australia, is no longer just another

pretty face. She's rich and famous. They know it. She knows it.

The LPGA knows it, too, and couldn't be happier, because Stephenson did a lot for the image of women's golf in 1981. That was the year in which Billie Jean King admitted she'd had a lesbian affair and almost knocked a wheel off the apple cart of women's sports. And all during that parlous time there was Stephenson out front on the sports pages, looking good and playing better.

Golf insiders used to make snide remarks about Stephenson because she was a powder-puff hitter who couldn't putt and choked in the clutch. Pretty, and generally up there among the top money winners, but a loser. But last year Stephenson turned things around. The back trouble that had plagued her in 1980 didn't reappear and she won four tournaments, including Canada's Peter Jackson Classic, her first major LPGA title. Stephenson was a leader-board regular, accumulating \$180,528 in official prize money—fifth in the standings—and fielding calls from every dealmaker around.

In the end, though, Stephenson will probably remember '81 less for the money she made than for the fact that she proved to herself—and the world—that she was more than cheesecake, that she finally had become a golfer.

The thing that strikes one first about Stephenson is her size, barely 5' 5" and 115 pounds. That and her good looks. Stephenson is truly striking, though not quite a 10, as she is well aware. "If you took me away from the golf tour, I'd be just another pretty face," she says, adding, "but I'd like to see Bo Derek after 18 holes in 100° weather. Those cornrows and beads would be history."

Still Stephenson's fans seem intent on comparing her to Derek, as, for instance, happened last August, when Stephenson was on her way to setting an LPGA tournament scoring record with an incredible 18-under-par performance at the Mary Kay Classic in Dallas. As she marched up to the 18th green on Sunday, her face grim as it almost always is on the course, she saw that the scoreboard boys

continued

Stephenson didn't flip her Marilyn Monroe wig when she was late for a photo session. The aide lifts her skirt with fishing line.



had spelled out a message that also reflected her lead at the time: JAN'S A 10.

Last year, Stephenson's fifth on the tour, had started with no great expectations; after all, she had slipped from 15th on the money list in 1979 to 34th in 1980. Then, as the season got under way, controversy erupted about her. Fairway came out with a picture of her reclining on an ornate bed, looking seductive, with her dress hiked high (page 33). In early February fellow pro Jane Blalock wondered in a guest column in *The Miami Herald* whether the LPGA was selling golf or sex, said the Fairway pictures smacked of exploitation and called them "quasi-pornography," a phrase Stephenson still has trouble pronouncing.

Thus, every week, when the tour hit a new town, the writers descended upon Stephenson, showering another couple of tons of newspaper on her. She figured the controversy might not be such a bad thing when, right after Blalock's column appeared, a gray-haired lady ran up, hugged her and said, "Baby, flaunt it while you can, because you won't have it forever." Considering that the size of her galleries tripled, corporations began beating a path to her door and a lot of other good things started happening.

Vossler isn't on Jan's leader board now.



Stephenson bears Blalock no malice. "What I ought to do is send her a bottle of champagne," she says.

Astonishingly, in the middle of all this, Stephenson's game came together and she began to win. Ed Oldfield, a teaching pro who divides his time between clubs in Phoenix and Chicago, had helped to improve her game, but more important, she stayed healthy. Physical therapy, swimming and stretching cured the muscular ailment in her upper back, and whenever she felt her body start to collapse under the rigors of the tour, she took a week off. "Basically I'm weak physically," she says. "I'm a real weakling. My brain and ambition don't really fit with my body."

The LPGA can tell a good thing when it sees it, which is why Stephenson was in Los Angeles last October for the photo session, this time with her skirt up a few more notches. The LPGA's notion was to pose her and several other players in shots reminiscent of famous movie-land pinups. And Stephenson, showing a sure eye for a good thing, landed the plum role of Marilyn Monroe in the famous shot of MM's skirt fighting a losing battle with the draft coming up through a subway grating during the filming of *The Seven Year Itch*.

Jan is Marilyn! What could be more appropriate? Throughout her career, Monroe strove to be taken seriously as an actress, while even now Stephenson would probably trade her looks for another 15 yards off the tee. As for punctuality, Monroe was terrified of crowds, which is why she usually showed up about three weeks late, after everybody had left. Stephenson? Well, she gets there when she gets there. Nowadays, most people don't seem to mind waiting.

And, like Monroe, Stephenson's life isn't all that terrific. "It's all screwed up," she says half seriously about every 15 minutes. Sex symbol? All you need to know is that Stephenson says she has never danced with a man.

One of the tricky problems all athletes have, particularly those who travel extensively, is juggling their public and private lives, and in golf it's even worse because the sport demands physical and mental maturity. You don't see many teen-agers on the TPA or LPGA circuit. Thus, on one hand, the players get better with age, but on the other, when the women golfers are in their late 20s or early 30s and may be starting to play

their best, they find themselves without husbands or families and with the time for acquiring them running out. One male observer of the LPGA scene recalls being asked by a tour player in just this sort of fix to sit next to her latest boyfriend at dinner. She was scouting matrimonial material and wanted an outside opinion. As the night progressed, the man asked the suitor, "What do you do?"

"Well, I'm in marketing, promotions, public relations and the oil business," the fellow said confidently.

The other man looked dubious. The beam wasn't a day over 23.

"You remind me of my uncle," the man said. "He's a diamond cutter."

"Really? Where does he work?"

"Yankee Stadium. He mows the grass."

The golfer almost fell off her chair laughing, but a short time later she married the guy anyway. It lasted only a few months.

To understand Jan Stephenson, you should know that she enjoys romantic novels, the kind in which the heroines are misunderstood and unappreciated. But Sir Galahad comes along in the final chapter to chase off the louts, to offer a shoulder to cry on, to make everything right.

"I would love very much to have a good personal relationship, because I'm getting everything else on the track," says Stephenson. "I mean I know where I'm going with my golf. I want somebody who cares about me, someone who's all mine, who's just crazy about me whether I play badly or not, who thinks I'm wonderful. That's hard enough to find in itself. Next, I'd like him to be flexible enough so that he could be on tour and share my wins with me, which means he'd have to be rich or own his own business. And, it goes without saying, he'd have to be in good shape physically." And, of course, he would be a smoothie on the greens.

With her guidelines, Stephenson realizes that she has eliminated almost every male in the world. "Sometimes I feel like I should give up waiting for Prince Charming," she says. If she had it her way, she'd get on an airplane, fall asleep on a guy's shoulder and wake up in love. But the reality is that if it happened, he'd have to go off to work and she'd have a tournament to make in Walla Walla. Besides, Stephenson doesn't like

to take chances; even though she had a 10-stroke lead that Sunday in Dallas, her caddy still had to talk her into going for the pin on the last hole. "I like to be on the fairway," she says of her abhorrence of conflict and failure. So the disappointing fact is, if her dashing swain appeared, Stephenson would first check his Dun & Bradstreet rating.

On the golf course, getting a smile from her is a tough proposition. She plays each round with a grim, hangdog expression because her size means she has to beat the other players with work rather than raw strength. "I'd like to loosen up, to have the people like me, but I can't," she says. "I'm in another world on the course, and yet I love all the attention, all the people recognizing me. Like recently when I was in Key West, I felt guilty because I wasn't doing anything but sitting in the sun, so I went down to this old golf course to hit balls and this man came up and asked my name. I gave the name of a friend who was with me. Then my friend said her name was Jan Stephenson. The guy said, 'Well, if you keep practicing, do you think you can get to be as good as the Jan Stephenson?' I love it when they say that the Jan Stephenson."

Stephenson has practice-tee hands, elegantly shaped but rough and weathered. No one works harder. She is the wee ice maiden. She pushes herself too hard and often pays for it by coming down with one ailment or another. She sits at the dinner table making lists of what she has to do the next day. The easy money's there, but she won't take it. Or, at least, much of it. The question is why?

With her looks, Stephenson could be one of the tour's Barbies, walking around under a parasol to keep the sun from withering her face and spending three days a week giving exhibitions at corporate outings. She tried it for a time, but it wasn't satisfactory. "It was hurting my golf," she says. "That's No. 1, golf, I could take the money and run, but I won't prostitute myself. I want to be No. 1. There's so much to do and so little time."

Years ago, shortly after she arrived from Australia and before she had made a dent in the U.S. scene, a golf writer noticed her figure and wrote, "She'll be married before she's in the record books." Last year, the day after Dallas, after she had gone 65-69-64-198, what did she do? She practiced, for four hours



This photograph of Stephenson in last year's "Fairway" created uproar on the LPGA tour.

"She's not just a beauty queen," says Oldfield. "Of all the people I work with, she works hardest. There are a lot with more talent, but she uses all the strength she has."

Not many fans have the right line on her. She chuckles when gallery comments are repeated to her. "She looks tired," an older woman says to a companion. "Yeah" is the reply. "She probably had a late night." Says Stephenson, "I wish I led the glamorous kind of life people think I lead." She usually is up at 7 a.m. and in bed by 8 p.m. In her room she does a dance routine and calisthenics to taped music. Normally, she eats in, cooking her own vegetables. Then she puts and puts and puts. She has a putting machine, and the first thing she wants to know about a motel is how long a stretch of unobstructed carpeting she'll find in its rooms. It's not farfetched to say that the fastest way to Stephenson's heart would be to teach her how to putt better.

She was obviously gifted as a kid, but she was poor, too, a combination likely

to breed an overachiever. Her father was then a bus mechanic in Sydney. Stephenson attended the prestigious, academically select Fort Street School, then all-girls, where she got her share of A's and learned to speak French well enough that upon winning the 1981 Peter Jackson in Quebec, she made a five-minute acceptance speech in impeccable French. But she never took the time to make friends. At lunchtime she studied drama and dance, and after school her father was waiting to pick her up to take her to the golf course to practice. When she was about 12, her father told her that if she was diligent, someday she could be an excellent golfer. He showed her an apartment building. "Why," he said, "you could make enough money to buy that." About three years ago, Stephenson purchased some condominiums, took pictures of them and sent them off to her father.

"It was big prestige to say you went to Fort Street and so I had to go there," says Stephenson. "The girls were all brilliant. I was a loner. They were the elite, I

continued



Jan's golfing parents had back-to-back aces in a recent tournament in Sydney.

STEPHENSON *continued*

remember one of the teachers saying, 'Why do you waste your time playing golf when you could be a good doctor?' I said, 'Because I want to be rich.' They couldn't comprehend that I could make a lot more money playing golf than all those girls put together. See, being poor, I had a burning desire to be rich. Those girls at school had no idea what I was after. Looking back now, I just love what I've achieved." Oh, if that old gang could see her now, with her big house in Fort Worth, and the condos in Phoenix and Houston, and the part interest in an airplane, and the Cadillac, and the Mazda RX-7 she's forever almost turning over because she drives so fast. What else is there? Well, just this one little thing.

"Right now I'm beyond material things," says Stephenson. "What I want more than anything is to be the most famous woman athlete. I want to be that person desperately, someone like Muhammad Ali, whose name would come up all the time. But before I have that, I have to be No. 1. That's my goal, within five years."

One day last month Stephenson was considering the validity of the comparisons between herself and Marilyn Monroe. "In one of my past lives I had a similar life to Marilyn Monroe's," she said. "I was a film star who was pushed and got into the drug scene and was absolutely a brilliant actress, but no one ever paid me any attention."

Past lives? Stephenson smiled. "I'm not into that reincarnation stuff at all,"

she said. "It makes me sound like I'm a total flake, but one of my friends is Debbie Messerlin. She's into all the things I'm not, but we get on really well. Anyway, a while ago I was sick again and we decided that this time I should go mental instead of physical. I went to psychic healers and faith healers. This one doctor had this little gadget that he moves all over a patient's body. When it starts slowing down, that's where you've got something wrong. When it got to my back, it spun around and went the other way, and he said, 'You have a back problem.' I said, 'Right, right.' It was great! Then he said that whatever profession I was in, I was outdoors all the time and there was pesticide poisoning in my body." Stephenson's eyes were wide now.

"Anyway, we left this doctor and we went to this other place where they can tell you what you were in your past lives. See, Debbie was trying to entertain me because I was sick. This guy could tell you about the past. He said I was from this little country town in Ohio. That's why I feel so comfortable in the States now. He said I had this mother who wanted me to go on the stage, but I didn't really want to do it. Anyway, she pushed me and I became this big film star and was miserable and I wound up committing suicide from drugs at a young age."

In a real-life past life, Jan called herself Vanessa, which she thought was really exotic. She went by this name in 1974, her first year on the tour, when she earned the LPGA's Rookie-of-the-Year

Award. It was her fond hope that everyone would refer to her as Vanessa—no last name—as in Cher or Ann-Margret.

Can this be the same person who on the golf course looks as if her breath could freeze water? "Everybody thinks I'm so tough," says Stephenson. Her voice has a kind of self-mocking lilt to it. Last month at the wedding of tour golfer Dale Lundquist, who was marrying an aspiring pro named Mike Eggeles, Stephenson was one of the bridesmaids. During the ceremony she was teary-eyed. Later someone asked her what she had been thinking. "I wished it was me," she said.

Stephenson's guy, off and on for the last eight years, had been Eddie Vossler, but now, according to her, the romance is definitely off. Her relationship with Vossler reveals a lot about Stephenson. He's a big fellow, handsome in a rough-hewn sort of way, who is the son of Ernie Vossler, a former touring pro who has made a bundle in land development. Eddie was going to try the pro circuit, but he couldn't get through qualifying school. When he wasn't with Stephenson, he was off flying his airplane and working in the ... oil business. You needed a scorecard to keep track of whether they were together or not at any given moment. There was a time a few years ago when Vossler came home and Stephenson had on a new white dress, the kind one might wear walking down the aisle. This is it, she said, we're getting married.

Vossler looked at her. "We're not getting married," he said. "We're never getting married." Stephenson threw the dress away, and the next week, when the tour was in Georgia, she met Steve Bartkowski, the quarterback of the Atlanta Falcons, and the two began dating.

It seemed perfect. Bartkowski is a striking, matinee-idol type, with curly hair, and he then had a playboy reputation. Peachtree Bart, the writers called him. He and Stephenson laughed a lot. But he wanted to wear jeans to the country club. And then he went off to training camp and a monk's isolation. You can probably guess the rest. There was a tournament in Japan where Stephenson won \$2,000 for making a hole in one. She called Vossler. Then she called Bartkowski. Then she called Vossler back. Her phone bill was \$1,800, and afterward she was right back where she started, back with Eddie.

Stephenson sounded like a child of the '60s when she explained the often chaotic relationship. "He lets me do my thing, and I let him do his thing," she would say. Vossler was also her financial adviser, and he handled any unpleasantness that arose, such as knocking down the price of a caddy or saying no to a tournament sponsor—the type of conflict Stephenson hates.

Stephenson has been offered \$50,000 by a magazine, just to take off her golf shirt in front of a camera, but she says she wouldn't care to do anything her father wouldn't be proud of. Burch Riber, the general chairman of the LPGA Championship tournament, says that a Cincinnati attorney would give him \$50,000 if Riber could get Jan to marry the lawyer. And guys regularly show up in Stephenson's gallery, offering everything from flowers to the keys to a Mercedes-Benz to the secret of putting.

"I guess faithfulness is more important to me than anything," says Stephenson, "because I'm out on the road all the time, and everybody is taking a shot at me, one way or the other. I just want one thing that will really be all mine, that nobody can touch, one steady influence in my life."

"I've considered giving up golf for a man," she says. "But golf's part of my life, so I have to compromise. I compromise my whole life for golf. I'd always be miserable if I didn't give it everything I had, after I've gotten to this point now, where I actually can be No. 1."

Last year Stephenson and Vossler went so far as to get a marriage license and take their blood tests, but this time Stephenson withdrew at the last second. Says Vossler, "What she's trying to prove to herself is that she's done the best she can. If she quits short of her goal, she'll be unhappy." Just like the girl who gets married at 20 instead of embarking on a career, Stephenson would always wonder if she had made the right decision.

Actually, she was married once, in the early '70s, though very few people know it. She had tried everything to get to the U.S., even writing colleges for a scholarship. She had won the Australian Junior three times and the New South Wales Amateur twice, but the other girls from Fort Street were now in medical school, and she couldn't get out of Sydney. "It was the end of the world," Stephenson says.

So there was this fellow with a lot of money and they had been dating a bit. He wanted Stephenson to marry him. They talked about his sponsoring her on the tour, so in the end she said yes. Now she claims to have forgotten how long they were married, somewhere close to four months. "I don't like to make mistakes, and I made a mistake," she says. "It happened 10 years ago; why should I still be punished? I don't even like it mentioned."

Running away from her past, Stephenson works harder than anyone, and the dividends are beginning to come in. During one nine-event stretch last season, she was fifth or better seven times, and she finished the year in the top 10 of every LPGA statistical category. Actually, work is too soft a term for what she puts herself through. For example, she has a putting drill in which she has to make 100 four-footers in a row before she'll leave the practice green. Sometimes it takes hours.

Her father, Frank, who came over and toted her bag most of last summer, writes to her almost every day—her mother, Barbara, who also has caddied for Jan, usually adds a line or two of her own—and in the closets of her condos and house are all the pretty dresses she has bought and never worn.

So what if she gets to be No. 1, and like Marilyn Monroe, is still unhappy? What then? Stephenson looks startled. "I think I will be happy..." she says, her voice trailing off.

And so she keeps driving herself, through sickness and through health, almost beyond comprehension. Last month at the J.C. Penney Mixed Team Championship, a relaxed year-ending

event in Largo, Fla. that most players regard chiefly as an occasion for conviviality, Stephenson strode angrily off the course after a bad round. Said her partner, Ben Crenshaw, "She's in a fog, she's so mad."

Later, when Stephenson had purged herself on the practice tee, Crenshaw tried to tell her that golf had to be more fun than it was for her. "It's not life or death," he said.

Stephenson looked at him. "It's not?" she said.

Then she went to hit some chip shots, occasionally punctuating them with comments like, "This is the one I missed at 12..." She had no touch at all, and as the shots clunked she became more exasperated, chopping quickly at the ball. Soon she was hitting assembly-line fashion, faster and faster, and her lower lip was quivering and her eyes were ready to drip. "I can't do this anymore," she wailed. "I'll break down if I do." Then she threw down her club and marched off to her room.

"She takes it serious, doesn't she, Joe?" someone said to Joe Roach, her caddy at that tournament. He nodded yes.

Just then another caddy stepped forward. "Sure she takes it serious," he said, dead serious. "Golf is a game you *have* to take serious."

So why doesn't Stephenson take the money and run? Simple. She is looking not so much for victories as for vindication, proof that her sacrificing—leaving her family, abandoning her country, maybe even throwing away her chance for love—has been worth it. Her heart, you see, belongs to golf. She *has* to be serious about it.

END

Lundquist (right) found her Prince Charming, but Stephenson (left) is still searching.





U.S. skiing got a big lift in '81 when Phil (left) won the World Cup. Steve came in fourth.

Double Trouble On The Slopes

The Mahre twins look and ski alike: Phil's the world's best, Steve's not far behind **by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON**

On the whole, twins are underrepresented in high-achievement situations. Some research indicates that, as a group, they are less likely than singletons to excel. This is due largely to a certain amount of biological competition in the womb and, of course, to the higher risk of injury and defect they encounter at birth.

—THOMAS J. BOUCHARD JR.,
DIRECTOR, MINNESOTA TWIN STUDY

The cards are stacked against twins from the start, against their growing up to be geniuses, superstars, virtuosos, Nobel Prize winners, Presidents, Popes, world champions. This is dictated not only by the general biological and psychological facts of twinning but also by simple percentages. The fact is, twins make up a small minority on this planet—scarcely 1% of the population. Thus, when we come across a twin or, amazingly, a set of twins who are world class in any field, it's truly phenomenal.

So meet the phenomenal Mahre (rhymes with rare) brothers, Phillip and Steven, 24. They were born to a struggling, 30-year-old apple farmer and his wife, also 30, on May 10, 1957 at, respectively, 5:48 a.m. and 5:52 a.m., in St. Elizabeth Medical Center, Yakima, Wash., weighing in at 8.4 pounds and 7.6 pounds, respectively. Phil has grown up to be the best U.S. male ski racer ever. But if Phil didn't exist, then Steve would be the best.

And not only that. As this racing season has begun to unfold, it seems more and more likely that the twin sons of

Mary Chott Mahre and David Robert Mahre could become the two best Alpine skiers on earth. What are the odds against that?

Phil won the World Cup overall championship last season to become the first non-European man to do so in the 15 years the trophy has been awarded. In 1980 he won the silver medal in the Olympic slalom at Lake Placid and the Fédération Internationale de Ski gold medal for combined Olympic events. The only American to approach Phil's medal total was Billy Kidd, but he won only two World Cup races in his career (1963-70). Phil has won nine such races. No other male American has won more than two—except Steve. He has won three. And last year, when Phil finished first in the overall World Cup competition, Steve was a strong fourth. No other male American has ever finished better than sixth. And in the 14 slaloms and giant slaloms that both twins finished last season, Steve wound up ahead of Phil five times.

So much for the past. The present looks even brighter. Phil got off to a stunning start in December. Ordinarily he has lagged badly in the early half-dozen races, entering the tough meat of the season in January well behind the estimable Swedish slalomist and three-time overall World Cup champion Ingemar Stenmark. But in this December's series of nine events—seven races and two combined—in France and Italy, Phil accumulated a staggering 135 points, more than any skier had ever gotten in such a short time and more than half the total he amassed in all 31 races last season, when he nipped Stenmark 266 to 260 in the overall standings by finishing second in the last race. (At this time last year, Phil had a scant 21 points.) Through last weekend he had won one race (25 points) and had been second four times (80 points) in two slaloms and three giant slaloms. He had skied two downhill and finished high enough so that he picked up 50 points from them under the FIS's complex World Cup scoring system. Even though Stenmark, who's in second place, won the giant slalom at Morzine, France last Saturday, he still trailed Phil by 71 points.

Then there's Steve. He's not as hot as Phil, to be sure, but he did accumulate 38 points in the early going—good for a

tie for eighth in the overall standings. He won a special slalom in Cortina, Italy that was a triply historic event. With Phil finishing second, .08 of a second behind Steve, this was the first time that twins or brothers or Americans ever finished one-two in a World Cup race.

This skyrocket start had left the taciturn twins as close to full euphoria as they ever get. With a dazzling Doublemint smile, Phil confessed in Yakima during the Christmas holiday break, "I'm really confident. It's all just fun, no pressure. I'm concentrating better than ever. My mind is much sharper during a race. All-around I'm more consistent. It's as if the momentum has carried over from last year. And that win in Cortina did Steve a lot of good. Coming this early in the season, it'll be a big boost for him."

As Bill Marolt, Alpine director of the U.S. Ski Team, puts it, "The twins have the tenacity to do almost anything they decide to do. Steve is good enough to win the World Cup himself. He

continued

Phil (right) was second to Steve in Cortina's slalom, but Steve (below) failed to finish in the giant slalom.





Some Mahres: sisters Katheen and Roberta, Phil, Mary, sister Ruthie, Dave, Katheen's sons.

THE MAHRE TWINS

beats Phil often enough to prove that."

Both are strong and versatile athletes, they were football and track stars in high school, and they water-ski and competed in motocross until a variety of injuries—most notably the smashed left ankle Phil sustained snow-skiing in 1979 and Steve's series of knee problems—prompted doctors to suggest that the Mahres not engage in such high-risk sports. Like most world-class skiers, they aren't tall men, both stand 5'9", with Phil weighing 180, Steve 175. Both are dashing, attacking-type skiers who use a pole-busting technique that Phil calls "bullish." Thus both are considerably less elegant than Stenmark. Phil tends to race in a slightly more erect posture than Steve, who skis with a more rounded back.

Americans have always had great difficulty winning World Cup races, and one reason is that no more than two of the 30 or so races held each season are usually skied in the U.S. "Just imagine a basketball team from the NBA that had to play virtually all of its games away from home," says Marolt. "The players would hardly ever get out of hotels, would hardly ever get back to their own homes during the season. That's what our skiers face every year, and in 90 percent of the places they go, no one speaks their language. They're always looking for a place to do laundry, always competing before crowds who cheer for the oth-

er guys. Do you think there's any basketball team in the world that could win consistently under conditions like that?"

The Mahres are the two old men of the U.S. team, and they have learned to adjust to life on the road. But that doesn't mean they like it. "Travel isn't our favorite thing," says Phil. "When we're done with ski racing, we will stay home—for good." Adds Steve, "The travel is even more boring than it was years ago. We spend a lot of time playing cards or touch football. We like it when we get to Garmisch because it has a big U.S. Army post and hanging around there is more like being at home than anywhere else in Europe."

At the moment, the Mahres are the only American men who compete at a consistently high level. Indeed, through the first month of this season, they were the only skiers on the American men's A team. They were the only two who ranked in the first seed in any of the three disciplines (The U.S. women's A team, by contrast, has five skiers in the top seedings.)

It's an odd and perhaps insoluble problem, this dearth of successful U.S. male skiers. Phil explains it this way: "In the States most really good athletes prefer other sports—basketball, football, and skiing is very expensive. But there's also the problem, I think, that too many U.S. skiers set their goals too low. Once they make the U.S. team, they figure they've achieved the biggest goal and they don't feel any need to excel any further. The

U.S. has lots of talent, exceptional talent. We have great coaching. But I guess that our skiers just aren't as hungry as some others."

Possibly so. In contrast to most of their countrymen, the Mahres seem positively starved. Europeans used to scorn U.S. skiers for being lazy playboys who loved to compete but hated to train. Not these two. Tom Kelly, one of the U.S. men's coaches, speaks almost reverently of the Mahres' approach to training: "They're just workhorses. They don't train much in summer but when they do train, they put more into it—and get more out of it—than anybody else. They go full blast." One training habit the Mahres have developed is arising in the dark on the day of a race and, long before the lifts open, climbing the mountain with Kelly and Head Men's Coach Konrad Rickenbach. They set poles on a course for prerace training. Says Kelly, "The other teams wait for the lifts to open. By the time they show up, the poles are broken and the Mahres have the hill in a mess. I think Phil and Steve get psyched up through their morning training."

There are a number of other factors besides diligent training that are working powerfully in the twins' favor this season. For one thing, Stenmark isn't the Super Swede of yore. Until last Saturday, he hadn't won a race since Feb. 14, 1981—a bleak run of 11 consecutive winless races. Though he seems outwardly as stoic as ever, these failures have troubled him. "Ingemar broods about losing," Phil says. "When you do that, every bad race compounds your depression, and things just get worse." Besides, though he's only 25, Stenmark has won 63 World Cup races in his career, more than any other skier. (His win Saturday moved him one ahead of Austria's Annemarie Moser-Pröll.) His annual income from prize money plus endorsements of everything from Saabs to coffee is said to be more than \$1.5 million. Many observers think Ingemar has simply—and understandably—gone stale.

But others wonder if Stenmark is suffering from quite another kind of malaise—love-sickness. To the delight and surprise of everyone on the ski racing circuit, he has lately begun traveling with a girl friend. She is Swedish, a former airline stewardess, blonde, good looking,

continued

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seven years his senior. One of Stenmark's friends says, "Ingemar is in love for the first time and I'm sure it's hard to concentrate on skiing. He has always been the best because he was so fanatical about his skiing. It was everything for him, every minute, year-round. But now he's traveling with his girl friend to all the races. It makes a difference."

Enough difference so that Stenmark's coach, Hermann Nogler, told a group of journalists early in the season that he was of the opinion that Stenmark must send his girl friend home. "In the near future there will have to be a change," said Nogler. Nothing has changed, though Stenmark and Nogler appear to have pitched things up. Stenmark himself grumps "no comment" when asked by the press about his affairs of the heart, and when close friends question his mediocre race results, he replies, "I'm not so secure. I'm not so confident. You don't get confident losing, even if it isn't by much. You have to win. Now and then, it is going well. Then not at all."

So it could be the end of the Age of Ingemar and the dawn of the Mahre Era in world skiing, though there's no shortage of other challengers now that Stenmark's dominance has been broken. Andreas Wenzel, the tough, consistent Lichtensteiner, is one of the few top ski-

ers on the circuit who competes, as does Phil, in all three disciplines. He's a threat but he has finished no higher than eighth this season, and Phil says that Wenzel, like Stenmark, is given to brooding when he performs poorly.

The Swiss and the Austrians have their usual depth, but between them they don't seem to have an all-around skier to match Phil. And then there's the new potential powerhouse—the Soviet Union. After last season, it seemed as if the U.S.S.R. might finally have arrived. Valery Tsyganov won the downhill race in Aspen, Colo. for the first World Cup victory ever by a Soviet. Following that came a deluge of wins by Aleksandr Zhirnov, the son of a Moscow telephone-repair man. He had four victories in the last two weeks of the season. But that momentum hasn't carried over into 1981-82; the best results the Soviets had in December were two nuths by Zhirnov.

A good indication of whether the Mahres will be able to beat out these challengers will come on the steeps of Schladming, Austria, a quaint resort town in the Dachstein-Tauern region of the Alps, 50 miles from Salzburg. Here the FIS world championships will take place Jan. 28 to Feb. 7. No American male has ever won a race in a world championship over the 43 years the events have been held.

Will Phil? Will Steve? The odds are against them, of course. Yet their odds are enhanced because they're really sort of a double entry, although they insist they don't like being depicted as ganging up on the competition. Says Phil, "We don't consider it the twins versus Stenmark. It's Steve versus Stenmark and Phil versus Stenmark. We help each other whenever we can. But we're racing against each other, too."

Of course. But there is a oneness about them, a unity that has a powerful genetic bond, a conjunction of minds and bodies and souls that certainly had its genesis during the long and mysterious months when they shared their mother's womb. Steve puts it this way: "It's like he's a part of me. When I'm not doing well, I want him to do well. At the Olympics, I ended up falling, but

knowing that he was ahead after the first run made me feel great. Almost as if it were me." Not surprisingly, Phil puts it almost exactly the same way: "It's sometimes like he's an extension of myself. When Steve wins, it's almost like a victory for me. It just doesn't feel as if I've been beaten when he wins. So if I can't win, I want him to win."

Twins always have been the subject of myth and superstition—and not always sunny myths or fun superstitions at that. According to Amram Scheinfeld's 1967 book, *Twins and Superstitions*, the Kaffirs of Southern Africa were said to have believed that twins could be produced only by two men; thus, any mother of twins was automatically branded an adulteress and spent the rest of her life in disgrace. Some American Indians, such as the Zuni, scorned twins and superstitious (more than two babies at one birth) because they resembled litters of lower animals. Primitive nomads such as Eskimos, the Aims of Japan and Australian aborigines routinely murdered one or both twins largely because of the difficulty encountered by mothers carrying two babies on long treks.

The mythology of twins isn't quite so bleak. The Greeks believed that two of their most admissible deities, Castor and Pollux, were handsome and dashing twin sons of Zeus and Leda, and they eventually took their place in the heavens as the brightest stars in the constellation Gemini. Mojave Indians believed that the creation of the world was aided by twin-brother gods. In a lighter vein there have been Lewis Carroll's droll twosome in *Through the Looking Glass*—Tweedledum and Tweedledee—and the Bobbsey Twins, the Katzenjammer Kids, the Doublemint Twins and the Gold Dust Twins.

Some of lore's and literature's most famous tales of twins are fraught with conflict. The Old Testament story of Jacob and Esau, twin sons of Isaac and Rebekah, tells of a near-mortal battle in their mother's womb over who would emerge as the firstborn. Esau won Jacob, with his mother's connivance, later tricked his twin out of his birthright. Then there were Romulus and Remus, who were suckled together as babies by a she-wolf. As men they quarreled fiercely over which had been born first and, thus, had the right to found his own city. Re-

continued on page 89

Debbie and Steve recently had daughter Ginger.



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The Improbable Hero
Max McGee
Super Bowl I
January 15, 1967

Max McGee was 34 years old and thinking about retiring. He had caught only four passes in the entire season and since this was the first Super Bowl and everyone seemed to think it was pretty important, he figured that there wasn't much of a chance the Green Bay Packers would be needing his services for anything other than standing in line during the playing of the National Anthem.

Therefore, he did the logical thing on the eve of the game. He broke curfew and partied.

The story he later told was that he was enjoying the pleasures of Los Angeles until around 7:30 in the morning. When game time arrived in the Los Angeles Coliseum he was ready for an afternoon of recuperative sunshine on the bench while he watched his team manhandle the Kansas City Chiefs.



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That changed when one of the Packers' starting wide receivers, Boyd Dowler, injured his neck early in the game. Max McGee had to play.

"McGee," Packer Coach Vince Lombardi shouted to the bench. "Get in the game."

McGee almost fainted from shock.

He toddled into the lineup, a 15-year

veteran, balding, hung over. He soon caught the first touchdown pass in Super Bowl history. The Chiefs were a blitzing team and when Green Bay Quarterback Bart Starr guessed the blitz was coming, he sent McGee across the middle toward the goalpost. The blitz came. McGee was free. The ball was underthrown, but Max reached back and grabbed it with one hand and covered 37 yards on the play for the score.

"We thought we could beat them on that play," McGee said afterward. "For 13 years I never got away with it in the NFL, but the Chiefs didn't cover the inside like the NFL did. That's one reason we were able to beat their cornerbacks all day."

He finished the game with seven catches for 138 yards and two touchdowns as the Packers won 35-10. He decided not to retire.

WALTER DUNN JR.



WALTER DUNN JR.



In the first quarter, Packer Quarterback Bart Starr (15) throw a 37-yard strike to Wide Receiver Max McGee (85), who grabbed the ball with one hand and took it on to score. McGee would also snare Starr's 13-yard aerial in the third quarter to score again. Coach Vince Lombardi, here with Max, had predicted the Green Bay victory over the Kansas City Chiefs.

KEVIN LUTHER



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Jim O'Brien
Super Bowl V
January 17, 1971

Jim O'Brien had dreamed a week before the game that a kick would win it at the end. The only problem was he didn't know which team's kick would do the job.

"The dream wasn't in Technicolor," he said. "I couldn't tell what team it was."

The ball was on the 25-yard line when he came onto the field with five seconds left at the tag end of a mistake-filled Baltimore Colts-Dallas Cowboys game that was tied, 13-13, in the Miami Orange Bowl. His Colt teammates called him "Lassie" because of his long hair and he was known as a free spirit.

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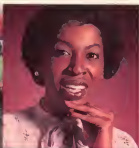




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Only his spirits weren't so free at the moment.

"I hoped it wouldn't come down to me to win it," he said. "Who needs that kind of pressure? The money's just as good if somebody else wins it for you."

There were various words of encour-

agement in the huddle. The Cowboys, on the other side of the line, made the normal attempts at distraction. O'Brien tried to gear his mind into thinking that this was simply another practice kick.

He hit the ball solid, never a doubt, for the 32-yard game-winner. Final score: Baltimore 16, Dallas 13.

"My mother's an astrologer," the 23-year-old kicker said after the game.

"I spoke to her last night and she said I couldn't lose. She said we'd win, but it would be by a close margin."

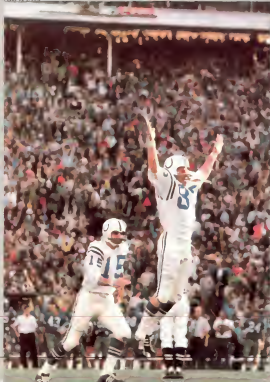
While he talked, he carried the game ball, carefully covered by a towel. He didn't want anything to happen to it.

Colt Kicker Jim O'Brien (80), flanked by Cowboy Cornerback Herb Adderley (26) and Colt Running Back Jerry Hall (45), made his "Super" kick—booting the ball cleanly through the uprights. Jim's knee had been injured in the kick-off and he was afraid it would stiffen, but he calmly kicked the 32-yarder for a Baltimore victory, with just a few seconds to go.

Photo by AP/Wide World



COLTS ON SPORTS: NARRATIVE D



Pioneer Enters Lightweights In A Heavyweight Market.

While most stereo companies are coming out with "bigger and better" portables, Pioneer is concentrating on smaller and better portables. Lighter, too.

They're called Slimline Personal Stereos. Pioneer currently has six of these AM/FM stereo cassette recorders in the category. They are, from lowest to highest price, the SK-200/SK-210, SK-400, SK-600, SK-650 and SK-900.

All of them are crafted of rugged, impact-resistant cycloac (a thermoplastic material used in professional football helmets, no less). They all have three-way power capabilities (batteries, AC/DC). Retractable carry handles or, as in the case of the SK-200 and SK-210, adjustable carrying straps. Built-in stereo mics. Ultra-sensitive tuner circuitry. Anti-rolling mechanisms to assure consistent operation even when carried. Modular construction for easy serviceability.

The controls, laid out in logical order, are easy to use. Three of the units include one of the easiest function switching features ever to be seen

on a portable, Direct Source Selector (DSS). Instead of numerous switches to get you from AM to FM to tape to whatever, these new Pioneers have one switch that lets you go from feature to feature, instantly.

The design of these portables ranges from art deco to highly stylized futuristic, which includes black plexiglass-enclosed, recessed controls, neatly fitted under the carrying handle.

Highlights of some of the individual models include:

The SK-400. Silver with gray and black highlights, AM/FM stereo bands, Direct Source Selector, Music Search, which scans the tape forward or back-



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The SK-600. Same design and features as the SK-400, plus an LCD clock/

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**The Anti-Hero
Garo Yepremian
Super Bowl VII
January 14, 1973**

John Smith, the field-goal kicker for the New England Patriots since 1974, is British. He became a field-goal kicker before he ever knew much about American football. The game was a mish-mash of hodies. He wasn't sure of the rules. He only knew how to kick.

"Tell me this," he said to his coaches at his first training camp. "Is there anything I shouldn't do?"

They answered by taking him to a film projector. They showed him Miami Dolphin Garo Yepremian's famous "pass" against the Washington Redskins in Super Bowl VII in the Los Angeles Coliseum.

The play took place with 2:07 remaining and the Dolphins, with a comfortable 14-0 lead, cruising toward a grand completion of their unbeaten





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season. Yepremian, a native of Cyprus, was sent into the game to kick a 42-yard field goal. He kicked directly into the chest of charging Redskin lineman Bill Brundige—and then the fun began.

"I don't know what happened," Yepremian said later. "I remember picking up the ball, but that's all. What I should have done was try to fall on it."

What he did was try to pass. The ball

hung on his fingertips for half a second and then, when it slipped out of his hand, he batted it into the air. Washington Safety Mike Bass grabbed it and ran 49 yards for a Redskin touchdown.

"Wouldn't it have been terrible if we'd lost because of that?" Yepremian asked. "Here we are, we win 16 games in a row and then if we had lost on that play of mine, some people still would've said we're a fluke team."

The Dolphins saved Yepremian from that fate by winning the game, 14-7.

However, Garo was nominated by the Bonehead Club of Dallas for the Bonehead of the Year award. The winner the previous year had been President Richard Nixon for sending plays to the Washington Redskins during the season and the Dolphins in the Super Bowl. Both teams lost.

PHOTO BY GREGG DEERY/REUTERS



AP/WIDE WORLD



Miami's Garo Yepremian (1) got off a low, hard kick out of teammate Tim Foley's (25) hold. Redskin Ted Vactor (29) was unable to get to the ball from the outside but despite the efforts of Dolphin Jim Langer (62), Washington Tackle Bill Brundige (77) blocked the kick. The ball bounced back to Yepremian, who attempted to pass and was intercepted for a Redskin touchdown.



AP/WIDE WORLD

A man with a friendly expression, wearing a white short-sleeved button-down shirt, blue jeans, and large brown cowboy boots, is sitting on a large, dark brown boot. He is looking towards the camera.

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**The Injured Hero
Lynn Swann
Super Bowl X
January 18, 1976**

The image Pittsburgh Wide Receiver Lynn Swann always projects is that of a deer running through a forest of threatening forces. The problem is that once in a while one of those threatening forces catches him in motion.

In the AFC championship game, Oakland Raider Safety George Atkinson clotheslined Swann, whipping out an iron forearm that knocked the big Steeler receiver unconscious. Swann

was taken to the hospital with a severe concussion.

"I'm not sure what time I woke up in the hospital that night," Swann said. "I was fading in and out all night long. I stayed in the hospital until Tuesday and the doctors wanted me to stay another day or two."

He refused, however, figuring he could recover better in normal surroundings. "Normal surroundings"





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meant the practice fields on which the Steelers were preparing for a Super Bowl X meeting with the Dallas Cowboys in the Miami Orange Bowl.

Every day the Steelers' doctors would shine lights into Lynn's eyes to see if his pupils were dilating or not. He was given tests to see if he had lost equilibrium or agility. He didn't practice much, but in the middle of the week he decided that he would play.

"During the week, [Cowboy Safety] Cliff Harris of Dallas said things to reporters like I better not come over the middle or I might get hurt," Swann said. "Or that I had to be gun-shy after taking a hit like I did against Oakland."

"I read the stuff Harris said. He was trying to intimidate me. I guess the whole thing might have helped me. I was determined to play harder. I think I had greater concentration on the ball because I knew if I dropped any, they'd say I was intimidated."

His concentration resulted in four catches for 161 yards, a Super Bowl record. The catches included a 64-yarder for the winning touchdown. Final score: Pittsburgh 21, Dallas 17.

"Do you have any headaches now?" Swann was asked later.

"No," he said, "but I will have one. A big one, to make up for the party I missed after the Oakland game."



With only 3:02 left, Steeler Quarterback Terry Bradshaw (12) decided on a deep pass pattern. Wide Receiver Lynn Swann (88) tore downfield with Cowboy Cornerback Mark Washington (46) dogging him all the way. Suddenly airborne, Lynn snatched the ball, making the 64-yard play for the touchdown that gave the Steelers their second Super Bowl victory.





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**The Reluctant Hero
Robert Newhouse
Super Bowl XII
January 15, 1978**

Dallas Cowboy Quarterback Roger Staubach had broken the tip of his right forefinger and, while he continued to play with a shot of Novocain and the Cowboys led 20-10, there was real cause for concern. The Denver Broncos were known for their fourth-quarter exploits—and this was the start of the fourth quarter in the New Orleans Superdome!

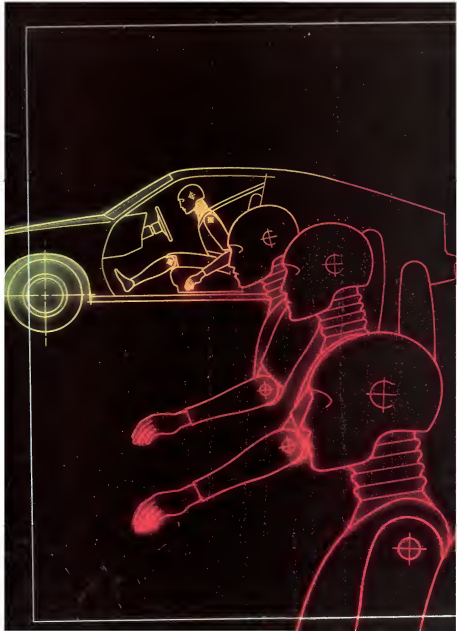
This was the time to try something a little different.

The play was known as "brown right formation X, opposite shift, toss 58, halfback lead, fullback pass to Y." Staubach was supposed to hand the ball to Running Back Robert Newhouse, who would throw to Wide Receiver Golden Richards.

The play was such a surprise to Newhouse that he hurriedly had to wipe his hands on his pants to remove the stickum he was using to make sure he

PHOTO BY AP/WIDE WORLD





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wouldn't drop the ball. The stickum didn't rub off, so he licked his hands. He even wiped them with a towel, hoping no one on the other side of the line of scrimmage would notice.

"This wasn't a new play for Newhouse, but then again it also wasn't exactly a highly perfected play. He had thrown exactly one complete pass in the NFL.

"He threw the worst passes you ever saw in practice," Dallas Safety Cliff Harris said later. "He never completed a pass in practice, so I don't know how he expected to complete one here. In practice, the defensive backs let the receivers go, just to build up his confidence."

"I'm not that bad," Newhouse said. "I threw a wobbler at first, but he [reserve Quarterback Danny White] told

me to turn my hips more. The key to the play, anyway, is making it look like a run."

He made it look like a run. His pass was a perfect spiral. Richards caught it on the fly for a 29-yard touchdown. So much for Denver's fourth quarter. Dallas won, 27-10.

"Nice pass," someone said to Newhouse after the game.

JOHN RUSTON



Cowboy Quarterback Roger Staubach (12), in an attempt to nail down Dallas' lead, handed off to Running Back Bob Newhouse (44), who fired a perfect spiral to Wide Receiver Golden Richards

(83). Shadowed by Bronco Safety Steve Foley (43), Richards nevertheless made a nice over the shoulder catch at the goal line to complete a 29 yard scoring play.

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**The Controversial Hero
Fred Swearingen
Super Bowl XIII
January 21, 1979**

The play occurred in the opening minutes of the fourth quarter in Miami's Orange Bowl. This was the most competitive of all the Super Bowls, with two seasoned teams in the Pittsburgh Steelers and the Dallas Cowboys. At the time Pittsburgh led 21-17. The play helped the Steelers make that lead larger.

Pittsburgh Wide Receiver Lynn Swann and Dallas Cornerback Bennie Barnes were involved. They ran in tandem as Steeler Quarterback Terry Bradshaw threw a 33-yard pass. They fell in tandem as the ball flew past. A yellow flag was thrown in the air.

"Swann ran right up my back," Barnes said. "When I saw the flag, I knew it was on him."

BYRON MILES PHOTOGRAPHY





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Not so, according to Field Judge Fred Swearingen. He said Barnes was at fault.

"The players bumped before the ball was even close to them, perhaps before the ball was thrown," Swearingen said. "They were both looking back and the defender went to the ground. The Pittsburgh receiver, in trying to get the

ball, was tripped by the defender's feet. He interfered with the receiver trying to get the ball."

Swann said the call seemed just right to him. Barnes wondered if Swearingen needed glasses or perhaps came from Pittsburgh or both. The call stood. The jubilant Steelers went on from there to score again.

"That man should have his picture on the cover of . . . *Time*, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and maybe even *Ebony* and *Jet*," said Dallas Linebacker Thomas Henderson of Swearingen, "because that's what he wanted, making a call like that. He wanted to go into The Hall of Fame of Bad Calls."

The Steelers won the game, 35-31.



Fred Swearingen, selected for Super Bowl XIII after being top-rated pro football field judge in '78, cited Rule 8, Section 2, Article 5 from the rulebook, *Official Rules for Professional Football*, when calling interference on Cowboy Cornerback Bennie Barnes (31) after Bennie and Steeler Wide Receiver Lynn Swann (88) tangled early in the fourth quarter.



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3.0 Liter V-6	
EST. HWY	EPA EST. MPG
33	21
4.3 Liter V-6 Diesel*	
EST. HWY	EPA EST. MPG
42	28

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Jim Plunkett
Super Bowl XV
January 25, 1981**

Jim Plunkett was the story of this game from the moment the Oakland Raiders won the American Football Conference championship to qualify to meet the Philadelphia Eagles in the Superdome in New Orleans. His was a story that contained more loops and spins and twists of fate than any roundtable full of scriptwriters could imagine. All it needed was an ending.

Hard times? Jim Plunkett grew up in a household where both his mother and father were blind. He was a Mexi-

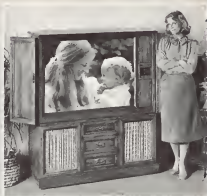
can-American, working his way up from difficult beginnings.

Trouble? His career almost was ended before it began. When he was in college doctors found a possible cancerous growth in his neck. He went to sleep for the operation, not knowing whether or not he would ever play football again. Fortunately, the tumor was benign.

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first draft pick in the entire country.

Failure? He was beaten down by a succession of tough seasons with the New England Patriots, physically slowed by a succession of injuries. His career in football supposedly was finished when he failed at his next stop with the San Francisco 49ers.

Grand comeback? There could be none more grand. He had started the season on the bench of the Raiders, taken over only when starter Dan Pas-

torini was injured in the fifth game, and come all the way to the Super Bowl.

A win in the game would be a perfect conclusion to an almost perfect story.

"It's a fairy tale," Jim Plunkett said, again and again, patient as reporters followed him for the entire Super Bowl week. "I can understand why people are interested."

The end of the fairy tale was just what it was supposed to be. He led the

Raiders past the Eagles, 27-10, completing 13 of 21 passes, three of them for touchdowns. He was later voted the Most Valuable Player in the game.

"You don't seem too happy," a sportswriter said to Plunkett.

"Oh, I'm happy," the Oakland quarterback replied. "Only I don't show it much."

There was the feeling that he had known he would do this all along.



Raiders Quarterback Jim Plunkett (16) proved to be a phoenix, rising from the ashes of a see-saw, injury-ridden career to Super Bowl XV's Most Valuable Player. His short pass to Halfback Kenny King (33) turned into an 80-yard touchdown play—a Super Bowl record—with Eagles Herman Edwards (46), Frank LeMaster (55) and Bill Burgoyne (66) in futile pursuit.





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He could be a trainer with miracle hands . . .

A coach in the press box with sharp eyes . . .

A holder for field goals with a flash of inspiration . . .

There are no "rules" on this Super Bowl day in the Silverdome in Pontiac, Michigan. The characters in this American sports pageant start equal. The chief role is assigned by luck . . . by fate . . . by phases of the moon. Strange things happen. The man of Super Bowl XVI could be anyone.

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mus was murdered by Romulus, who then named his new town Rome after himself.

Although these are myths, there's apparently more than a grain of truth to the theme of conflict between twins. Donald M. Keith, 46, executive director of the Center for Study of Multiple Birth in Chicago and an identical twin himself, says, "There's often a tendency toward unhealthy competition between twins. If twins can't accept each other as individuals and one tries to remold the other twin in his own image, conflict occurs. My brother and I argued and fought until we were 28 years old. Then each of us realized he could accept the other for what he was, that each of us was his own man."

Experts don't contend that there is always friction between twins. Thomas J. Bouchard Jr., a psychologist at the University of Minnesota who is doing a study of twins who have been raised apart, says, "There's no constant pattern to the behavior of twins anymore than there is for singletons. Some twins compete and compete with each other, driving each other, pushing each other. Others take deliberately opposite routes so as not to compete with each other—or to be compared with each other."

Ah, yes—to avoid being compared with each other. Here, it seems, lies the crux of the trouble in twinning. Keith speaks with a passion that clearly reflects grim personal experience: "There's always such an intense public curiosity about twins. People are always standing there, staring at them, comparing them to one another. We want to scream, 'Hey! Stop comparing us! I am me and he is he. Take us separately.' I don't think there's a twin alive who doesn't bear deep psychological scars from being a twin."

Nonetheless, no one is suggesting that the closeness of twins is always an obstacle to success. In many cases, it is quite the contrary.

"Twins can become a great help to each other," Keith continues. "Like the Mahre brothers. In my opinion their accommodation of their twinning has made them absolutely synergistic. They function together in a way that makes the two of them greater than the sum of their parts."

Whatever synergism might emerge specific sets of twins, the hard fact is that

there have been relatively few over-achievers who came in pairs. Among the exceptions: F.E. and F.O. Stanley, who invented the celebrated Stanley Steamer automobile in 1897 and went on to build the Stanley Rocket, a machine that in 1906 set a world speed record by traveling 127.66 mph to become the first car ever to travel faster than two miles per minute. Jean Félix and Auguste Piccard, pioneers in aeronautical engineering and ballooning, were identical twins. Thornton Wilder was a twin. And so are Pauline Esther and Esther Pauline Friedman, better known as Dear Abby and Ann Landers. So, too, are the late Shah of Iran, Maurice and Robin Gibb of the Bee Gees, Norris and the late Ross McWhirter, who created the *Guinness Book of World Records*, and the late Elvis Presley, whose twin brother died at birth.

In sports, we have Mario and Aldo Andreoli (Aldo retired from car racing after an accident in 1969; Tim and Tom Gullikson, who rank 52nd and 63rd in the world in tennis; Faye and Kaye Young, who played for the New York Stars in the defunct Women's Basketball League, Murlin and the late Mike McKeever, who starred together in football at USC in the 1950s; Takeshi and Shigeru Sou, world-class marathoners (personal bests of 2:09:49 and 2:09:56, respectively) from Japan; Dick and Tom Van Arsdale of various NBA teams; infielder Brian Doyle of the Oakland A's is a twin—his brother, Blake, plays in the minors—as is Pitcher Rawly Eastwick of the Chicago Cubs. There is even a theory that Jim Thorpe was a twin, though this is a little-known fact. His brother Charles died in boyhood. And, of course, there are Phil and Steve Mahre.

They are, says their mother, fraternal, not identical, twins—"just two brothers who happened to be conceived at the same time."

The difference between a set of identical twins—monozygotic is the scientific term—and fraternal or dizygotic twins is that identicals are conceived from a single egg fertilized by a single sperm while fraternal twins are the product of two eggs fertilized by two sperm. Monozygotic twins have precisely identical genetic "wiring." They occur about once in every 270 births, fraternal twins approximately once in every 150, although estimates are unreliable since the incidences of twin births

continued



Lake Placid: A pole-snapping rut in the slalom won the silver for a delinquent Phil.





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vary from country to country. Keith suggests that from his observations—totally superficial and at a distance—the Mahres could well be identical twins. "Doctors make mistakes," says Keith. "My brother and I thought we were fraternal twins for 40 years before we had blood tests and learned that we were, in fact, identical. Unless the Mahres have had blood tests, maybe they shouldn't assume they're not identical." The Mahres have had no such tests.

Phil and Steve fall in the middle of a big family that includes four older siblings and three younger—nine children in all. With wives, husbands and various offspring—including the girl that Steve's wife Debbie gave birth to on Dec. 29—there are 22 in the Mahre clan. Mary Mahre, a sweet and patient woman of seemingly endless good cheer, says without a trace of treacle, "Dave and I are the luckiest parents in the world. All of our kids are of above-average intelligence. They've been class leaders, valedictorians, homecoming queens, Girls State and Boys State. Phil was salutatorian in his class and Steven was fifth. Not one of our kids is a failure, not one is a burden."

However, there aren't any mega-millionaires, movie stars or budding Nobel laureates among the Mahres. They are, in fact, the epitome of the kind of admirable—if vanishing—American middle-class family that is content with modest circumstances and salt-of-the-earth values. There has never been much money around the Mahre household—and

nobody seems to care very much. Dave Mahre, a slim, talkative fellow, has been mountain manager at the White Pass ski area in the Cascades of Washington since 1962. It is a job that demands mechanical skill, a job that pays a modest salary, a job that he took only because he had failed at farming the apple and pear orchard he owned in Ellensburg near the Yakima Valley, where he grew up.

"I cried the day I quit farming," says Dave, and there are tears welling in his eyes as he speaks. "But there wasn't enough food on the table to feed six or seven youngsters. I had been working as a ski patrolman at White Pass to bring in a little something extra. Then they offered me the mountain job, and we moved. And, living up here, this family has seen and done things we never would've thought possible. You're looking at a very happy guy. It's not the monetary return that makes me happy. God knows that. If I had a lot of money, I'd probably give it away." Tears are streaming from behind his thick spectacles, and he says, "I don't try to keep things inside me. These are happy tears. I've had a hell of a good time. This is one of the few places in the world where the American Dream is not dead."

The family has lived its version of the dream in a small, rather cluttered house that it doesn't own—the White Pass management does. It's situated perhaps 30 yards from the main chair lift up the mountain, even closer to the maintenance garage where Dave repairs Sno-

Cats. There's almost nothing up on the pass except the lodge, the lifts and a few establishments to house and/or feed skiers. The Mahre kids went to school in Naches (pop. 710), 40 miles down a long, curving mountain road, a 90-minute schoolbus ride each way. Nothing has been easy. "The foundation of this family is self-reliance," Mary says. "We take care of ourselves. We never have had much, but we never sponged. We dressed the kids out of Lost & Found at the lodge. Why, we lived out of Lost & Found some winters. We don't care what people think of that, but, you know, I would kill me if I ever took a food stamp. I don't mind the Lost & Found, but to sponge off other people, other taxpayers, that would just kill me."

So that's where they come from, these remarkable twins. Lost & Found. From the start, they were always together—sort of alone together—in the crowd that was their family. "They were like one person," says Mary, "part of the family, sure, but really more a part of each other. They never bickered, never. Everyone else was constantly squabbling, and the twins would fight with the others, but they were always together. You know, I think they even kind of mothered each other. They were the only ones in the family who never brought their school papers home to me when they were little. They would show them to each other and that satisfied them."

They began skiing when they were six, showing no great talent for two or three years and then suddenly becoming demons in small-tyr ski races. Later, they blew everyone out of the Baddy Werner League races that were held at White Pass beginning in the mid-'60s. Eventually, they were the only two who could compete with each other. "They were always one-two," says their mother. "They pushed each other. One year Steve won everything. But Phil didn't seem to mind. They were still inseparable."

They still room together on the World Cup Circuit and are constantly together during the months of traveling, but when they return to Yakima they're apart much of the time. Phil was divorced two years ago and lives in a poster-bedded bachelor pad with two pals, while Steve, Debbie and their new daughter, Ginger, live in a modern bungalow in a neighborhood of suburban young marrieds. However, the Mahres have bought big, neigh-

Steve and Phil yuk it up at Christmastime over a game of pool at Steve's Yakima home.



boring parcels of land in the Yakima Valley. They spent sunrise to sunset there every day during the off-season, building, with their own hands, a very ambitious two-story house for Phil. "We liked working on it so much that it was almost hard to get skiing again," says Phil. "I can't wait to get back at it. I'm going to spend the winter reading books about plumbing and electricity."

Though technically the Mahres are amateurs, they have made a fair amount of money, very likely more than \$100,000 annually as "expense" money from sponsors. But they could make a lot more if they were willing to let themselves be merchandised more aggressively. However, that just doesn't seem to fit into the Mahres' view of the American Dream.

"Fame and glory aren't something we really like much," says Steve. "We haven't sought a lot of money. We'll take an endorsement here and there, but we won't go for a million dollars or anything like that."

Adds Phil, "I'd probably be just as happy flat broke. It's real difficult for us to think of being like a Bruce Jenner. I think you participate in a sport because it's fun, because you excel at it, because you like doing it. That's your goal. I always thought Bruce Jenner's primary goal, I think, was to get rich. I think that's what motivated him to win his gold medal—money."

The twins use K2 skis, Lange boots and Marker bindings (all products manufactured by American-based companies). They haven't changed brands in the eight years they've been on the U.S. Ski Team. "We could have had a bidding thing every season to get more money," Phil says, "but we've had such a good relationship with these companies there's no reason to change. And we're kind of patriotic, too. We like to stay with American products."

Well, this sort of thing goes on and on. These are genuinely clean-cut, genuinely modest, genuinely nice fellows. Self-effacing, not money-oriented, loyal to old

associates, patriotic? Can athletes in the 1980s be like that?

In a word—yes. And here's more proof. The scene was a slalom course in Borovets, Bulgaria, on a damp day at the end of last March. It was the next to the last race of the World Cup season, and the event was fraught with drama. If Phil finished second or better, he would beat Stenmark, then the leader in points, for the overall World Cup. However, if Stenmark won the race and Phil was

in the last race of the season. It was a head-to-head dual slalom. Everyone on the Italian team went in the tank when they raced Gustavo. Sure, Gustavo won, but it was a cheap victory, to our way of thinking. If Steve had lost to me on purpose, that would have made it a cheap trophy for me, too." Steve adds, "They couldn't understand that. But we're a lot happier sking like we did. It was true competition." Fortunately, three days later Phil finished second in a GS at Laax, Switzerland and clinched the cup.

This pure approach to sport is appreciated more widely than might be expected. Karl Kahr, the coach of the vaunted Austrian team, is a tough, pragmatic fellow, yet he recalls with a glint of admiration, "I was in Borovets when Steve skied off with the points that would have sealed the World Cup for Phil. But that day was very typical of the Mahre brothers. Those two boys are into sports, not politics."

So they go on—always together. You can watch them slowly climbing a slalom course side by side, discussing the set of each gate with the concentration of chess masters. You can see them in early morning moonlight setting their own slalom poles for a series of training runs. You can see one at the finish, quick to grab a walkie-talkie to tell the other of a bad spot on the course. Always together, like one person.

They definitely plan to continue skiing until the 1984 Olympics—well, maybe not definitely. "We don't really take skiing as seriously as most Europeans," Phil says. "We could be here today and gone tomorrow if we thought there was something more important."

Steve says: "Yes, we will be here as long as we enjoy it. But if Phil weren't around, this wouldn't be fun. I guess if one of us quit, it wouldn't be long until the other quit, too." Phil nods and says, "I agree. It wouldn't be long."

And when the day comes that they do decide to leave, you can be sure of one thing: You won't see their like again for a long, long time.



Girl friend Ann Uhlen may be behind Stenmark's downhill slide.

16th or worse, Stenmark would add five points to his lead. As the race began, the course was wet and beginning to break up. Steve was the first racer out of the gate in the first run and he turned in a splendid time—the best of the run, it would turn out. Phil and Stenmark started near the end of the first 15 seeded racers, and both finished well behind Steve. In the second run Steve blasted down the course and wound up second to Zhurov. Phil, with a superhuman effort, came in third, but because his twin had finished ahead of him, he failed to clinch the cup. The citizens of world ski racing stood at the finish, aghast, appalled, amazed. Steve had prevented his brother from winning the most coveted prize in skiing. Phil recalls that strange day: "The Europeans couldn't believe it. They couldn't understand why Steve hadn't folded up and let me go ahead of him. They all remembered 1975 when Gustavo Thoeni [the Italian who won four World Cups] had a chance to beat Ingemar for the cup

COLLEGE BASKETBALL

Of all the burdens Ricky Pierce has borne in his young life—sharing a bed with four brothers, being stifled for an entire summer's wages, having a "scholarship" to a junior college turn out to be a loan he had no way of repaying—playing basketball, and losing with numbing regularity, for Rice may have been the weightiest. "Ricky's had so many disappointments, but he never complains," says Rice's Coach Tommy Suitts, whose name rhymes with shoots, something Pierce does very well.

Pierce, a 6'4", two-time All-Southwest Conference forward, is now a senior, and as a reward for his patience, the "who" heard whenever the Owls play is

no longer meant as an interrogative. Pierce has received a measure of national acclaim as Rice, 8-6 at week's end, has gotten off to its best start since 1971; he is one reason the league race is likely to be the most wide open in years.

The conference's nine schools have a combined non-league record of 66-27 and collectively retain 37 of 49 players who could have been classified as regulars last season. Pierce may be the best of them. Until last weekend he was tied for third in the nation in scoring at 27.4 points per game and had been in double figures in 63 of 66 games as an Owl. A sprained shooting hand was his alibi in the other three.

by Alexander Wolff

host school schedules you as its opening opponent, you better consider the less they drape over your neck as nooses, not garlands.

Instead, Rice knocked the Rainbows out of their own tournament with a 69-59 win as Pierce scored 40 points, pulled down 12 rebounds and—not incidentally—shut out the two Hawaii forwards he guarded at various times. He tailed off to 15 points the next night, but the Owls got 24 from 6'2" Center Renaldo O'Neal to make Rice—now of fourth-ranked, previously undefeated

A shooter to hoot about

The Rice Owls are no longer turkeys, thanks to Forward Ricky Pierce

Pierce packs 205 solid pounds, 15 fewer than last season, thanks to an off-season running and weightlifting program, and his game matches his strapping physique. He's a no-frills player, rarely fiddling with the ball or going outside the foul line. He prefers instead to flash across the line from the weak side, get the ball and use his considerable strength inside, or to simply let go with his accurate jumper from the corner. "You see very few guys who look like a blacksmith who also have that feather touch," says Suitts.

Last week, despite facing an array of man-to-man, zone, trap and combination defenses, Pierce scored 37 points in Rice's conference opener, a 63-61 defeat at Houston, and another 26 as the Owls dropped a 65-64 game to TCU. Those close losses were easier for Rice to take in light of what had happened the week before at Hawaii's eight-team Rainbow Classic, where the Owls were supposed to have been served up as the roasted pig at the luau. If you've gone 70-196 over the past decade and the tournament's

San Francisco, 78-66, Pierce was back on form in the final, getting 23 points in a 51-47 defeat of North Carolina State, which also had been unbeaten.

When a team that was 12-15 the season before wins a tournament against nationally ranked opponents and the biggest personnel change is the coach, credit would seem to belong to the man at the end of the bench. Suitts became that man last April when Mike Schuler left Rice to become Larry Brown's assistant with the New Jersey Nets.

"Mike and I didn't see eye-to-eye on anything," says Suitts. "I feel very bad about that because, as his assistant, I probably should have felt the way he did." On defense, the Owls now play man-to-man instead of zone. On offense, with a 6'8" perimeter player and a 6'2" post man, Rice is freelancing more than under tightly wound Schuler, who went through basic training for head coaching at places like Army and VMI and handled one Owl loss last season by stalking out of Rice Gym, getting in his car and driving off, abandoning his team, wife and child.

But the secret of the Owls' success is more complex than just a change at the top. Partly it may be traced to a tendency

continued

Pierce's deadly jumper has helped him to average 27.4 points, third in the nation.





1956: Bill Claggett, newly promoted media buyer for the Gardner Advertising Company

Bill Claggett, when did you start reading The Wall Street Journal?

"In 1956, I was fresh out of Gardner Advertising's training program," recalls William M. Claggett, Vice President and Director of Advertising and Marketing Services of the Ralston Purina Company. "I got a promotion, an office, and a bundle of administrative responsibilities."

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toward the unorthodox when it comes to finding players and assigning them their roles. For example, Tyrone Washington, a 6' 2" guard, leads the team in blocked shots; 6' 8" Kenny Austin is the leader in assists. Washington and O'Neal came to Schuler's attention through form letters their high school coaches had mailed out, and Austin wasn't even a starter in high school. Only Guard Bob Tudor was really wooed, or wooed, as it were.

Certainly Pierce had not been. "Ricky walked in off the street, almost," says Saints. In 1979 Homer Johnson, an athletic administrator for the school system in Pierce's hometown of Garland, Texas, called academically prestigious Rice on Pierce's behalf. Schuler had missed out on the forwards he had been recruiting and offered a scholarship; Pierce, an average student in high school and junior college, was only too happy to accept. He had just spent a disillusioning season at Walla Walla (Wash.) J.C., where, through a misunderstanding, he'd gotten \$400 in debt—the cost of tuition for one quarter, which he was able to pay back in weekly installments.

The seventh child of Carl Pierce, a janitor, and his wife, Dorothy, Ricky shared a bed with his four brothers growing up in Garland. "It was a queen-size bed," says Pierce, "but my brothers were bigger and stronger, and they were going to get their positions."

Ricky was big enough and strong enough in his own right to be called Giant in elementary school, and as a fifth grader, he began to play pickup ball regularly with several older kids. His grade school had a team, but being shy and convinced it would involve costs his family couldn't afford—for a physical, at least, and probably for extra sneakers and socks—Ricky refused to try out. Then one day he met up with a press gang. "I was in my gym clothes, and these guys grabbed me and put me in a truck and took me to practice," he says. "I figured there was no use scuffling with them every day. After that, I'd always be the first one on the truck."

By the time he entered Garland High in 1974, Pierce was already an accomplished player who, by his own assessment, needed guidance. All that summer he had mowed lawns for a man who paid him back by moving away without settling up. Johnson took notice of and sympathized with Ricky and, the following summer, put him to work distribut-

ing athletic equipment, taking inventory, cleaning stadiums. To Johnson, who wanted Pierce to become a football star, the quiet kid from the impoverished family was Big Rick. To Pierce, the 47-year-old man who gave him time and advice so freely was Mr. Homer.

"He always said, 'You've got to put effort into the books, too,'" says Pierce, now a C student in physical education. "He told me that hard work would pay off. I chose basketball over football because I didn't think I'd work as hard playing a game I didn't like as much."

For three summers Pierce joined the future college football stars then at Garland High—players like Oklahoma's Herbert Young, Texas' Herkie Walls, Rice's Freddie Johnson and North Texas State's Marvin Walker—early in the mornings of 100° days. Homer Johnson would have them run five miles, spirit them off to rake a field, then take them into a stadium press box where he and his secretary, Elaine Baker, held classes in typing and public speaking.

"They couldn't see a whole lot of value in that," says Johnson. "But we had them read the sports pages and write about what they'd read. And sometimes we videotaped their speeches and played them back so they could see exactly how they looked. In one of Big Rick's first classes at Rice, he had to give a 10-minute speech. He got an A."

Homer Johnson's study group included a future Southwest Conference 60-yard-dash indoor champ in Walls, and a high school long-jump star in Freddie Johnson. "Herkie could outrun Big Rick at the 50-yard dash, but only by a foot," says Homer Johnson. "After Freddie won the long jump at the Texas Relays in his senior year, I called the kids together and said, 'I want you all to know that Freddie's the best long-jumper in Texas.' Rick said, 'No, he's not. I can outjump him.' And Freddie said, 'Well, he always could.' So we had a little contest. Big Rick didn't hit the board right, but you could tell he could have done it."

Pro scouts want to know if the kid who rarely misses but rarely dribbles can handle the ball well enough to play big guard in the NBA. "At Rice, I'm needed at forward, but if they want me at guard, I'll practice every day over the summer at that position," says Pierce. "I can play any position. I mean I have the ability to play any position. I'll work at it." And this time, presumably, he paid for it.

THE WEEK

January 4-10

by JIM KAPLAN

EAST Either Penn or Princeton has won the past 13 Ivy League titles, but if last weekend was any indication that domination may be coming to an end. Previously winless Brown knocked off the Quakers 76-75 and then the Tigers 58-53 in Providence. Ira James scored the Bruins' last six points against Penn, and Steve Bowman made his first five second-half shots to open up a 40-34 cushion that Princeton couldn't overcome. "We had no doubts we'd pull off a big win sooner or later," said Brown's rookie Coach Mike Czigser, whose team had lost 11 straight. "The team never lost confidence during the long losing streak. They actually looked forward to this weekend for the past week."

St. John's, which had inched into the national rankings, was humiliated 74-42 by Georgetown as a capacity crowd of 19,591 at Madison Square Garden made what *The New York Times* described as "the buzzing sound that comes when many people find it difficult to believe what they have just seen." St. John's trailed 41-9 after 14:35 as Coach Lou Carnesecca, not known for his glacial calm, sat in silent awe of the Hoyas—most notably, Guard Eric Floyd (16 points), freshman Center Pat Ewing (nine points, six rebounds) and the preparation of Coach John Thompson. "That was one of the great, great games," Carnesecca said. "If a coach wanted to have a perfect game, that would be Georgetown's: passing, screening, defending, quickness, you mention it." In the nuptial of that evening's Garden doubleheader, Wichita State crushed Iowa 97-78, but the victory, like another Shockers win during the week, was obscured by speculation that the school was about to be penalized by the NCAA for recruiting violations. "We're not going to deflate the air in the basketballs," said Athletic Director Ted Brodeur. "We're not going to decrease the price of the basketball season tickets. Not even a Kansas tornado could set us back."

Two other perennial powers, Notre Dame and Louisville, received rough treatment in the East. The Irish, slipping to 2-3 for the season, lost at LaSalle (66-61) and Virginia (87-54); the Cardinals were upset 75-74 at Virginia Tech. Calvin Otham scored with two seconds left to account for Tech's margin of victory, but Louisville had a hand in its own demise by missing the front end of four one-and-ones in the last 2:24. "If you can't make free throws, you don't deserve to win," said Louisville Coach Denny Crum, whose Cardinals lead the Metro Conference in missed free throws. "These are major college

players. They should be able to make free throws. If we make them, we was easy."

Villanova remained unbeaten in the Big East—but barely. Getting assists from the bench, the Wildcats beat Boston College 54-53 and Syracuse 84-83 in overtime. Having been demoted to eighth man because of his .393 shooting, ersatz starter Frank (Happy) Dobbs regained both his touch and his nickname by making seven of eight outside shots in the first half against BC. Gary McLam sealed the win with two free throws at 0:21. With Wildcat scoring leader Stewart Granger missing his first six shots and star Center John Pinone fouling out against Syracuse, Villanova turned to Aaron Howard, who sank an 18-footer to force the game into OT. Whereupon Granger made a basket and two free throws. "Even if I miss one, two or three shots, I'm the kind of player who'll keep shooting," he said. "I just kept calm. I knew they would start dropping."

San Francisco defeated South Carolina 72-71 in a bizarre overtime game. With the score tied at 69 and San Francisco holding the ball for a last shot, Referee Frank Buckiewicz warned the Gamecocks for refusing to come out of their 2-3 zone and put pressure on the ball. Only one player, Guard Gerald Peacock, defended aggressively, and with 11 seconds left, Buckiewicz called a technical foul, causing South Carolina Coach Bill Foster to blow sky-high. USF's Eric Skaymaker sank the free throw resulting from the technical, and with eight seconds left, he made two foul shots. The Gamecocks got a basket with two seconds to go; then the Dons used up the remaining time by deliberately throwing an inbound pass off the back of Gamecock Jimmy Hawthorne and letting the ball roll out of bounds. Stunned by the play and enraged by the refereeing, Foster rushed onto the floor. In the ensuing welter of coaches and law enforcement officials, Foster and his San Francisco counterpart, Peter Barry, nearly came to blows. "The problem was that there were some players with differences of opinion," said Barry.

While North Carolina and Virginia were competing for No. 1 in the polls (page 26), another ACC power, North Carolina State, beat Southern Mississippi 46-45 and Georgia Tech 55-49 with clutch play in the closing seconds. Derek Whittenburg's free throw with 0:02 left defeated the Golden Eagles, and Thurl Bailey's dunk at 0:25 clinched the victory over the Yellow Jackets.

Louisiana Tech, top-ranked in women's basketball, beat No. 2 South Carolina 71-58. In winning their 47th straight, the Lady Techsters, 13-0 this season, were paced by Pam Kelly's 14 points and 10 rebounds. The exhalted Lady Gamecocks, who were out-rebounded 45-25, were playing their fourth game in six days since the controversial departure of Coach Pam Parsons, who had been replaced by her assistant, Terry Kelly.

MIDEAST Early indications from the Big Ten are that the league will have another of the topsy-turvy races that have been its trademark in recent seasons. In the opening week of conference play, the defending national champions were beaten twice, one winning team was outshot 56-33, another didn't make a field goal for more than 13 minutes, one player had a two-point game and then a 34-point game, and coaches displayed early signs of tournament temper.

SI TOP 20	
1. N. CAROLINA (11-0)	1 *
2. VIRGINIA (12-1)	2
3. DePAUL (12-1)	5
4. IOWA (10-1)	7
5. KENTUCKY (9-2)	3
6. SAN FRANCISCO (13-1)	6
7. MISSOURI (11-0)	10
8. GEORGETOWN (12-2)	11
9. TULSA (9-2)	4
10. MINNESOTA (9-2)	8
11. LOUISVILLE (9-3)	9
12. ARKANSAS (10-1)	13
13. ALABAMA (11-1)	14
14. HOUSTON (11-1)	15
15. WICHITA STATE (11-3)	12
16. IDAHO (13-0)	17
17. OREGON STATE (10-2)	18
18. N.C. STATE (12-1)	19
19. TENNESSEE (9-3)	20
20. VILLANOVA (10-2)	—

* Last week

Indiana, the 1981 NCAAunist, fell 75-61 to Northwestern and 65-58 to Michigan State. During the Hoosiers' first loss to the Wildcats in 20 games, Indiana Coach Bobby Knight grabbed freshman Center John Flowers by the back of the shirt, sat him down hard on the bench, screamed at him for 20 seconds and left him sitting when play resumed. MSU's Kevin Smith set a conference record by making all of his 19 free throws against the Hoosiers.

As its worst start ever continued, Michigan (1-9) lost 65-63 to Wisconsin and 88-69 to Purdue. Reacting to a newspaper report that freshman Guard Eric Turner was unhappy that he had chosen Michigan, Coach Bill Frieder snapped, "Can we sue? This is the kind of stuff we've got to be getting this year. But I'm ready for it and so are my players." They definitely weren't ready for Wisconsin freshman Scott Roth, who beat them with a last-second basket, or Purdue's Keith Edmonson, who blew them apart with 34 points.

"Did we win?" asked Ohio State Coach Eldon Miller after the Buckeyes' game with Wisconsin. The answer was yes, 66-59, despite the fact that the Buckeyes went without a field goal for the final 13:05. "I don't know how we won, except our zone defense was good to us in the end," said Miller. "I guess we were lucky." Ohio State also upset Minnesota 49-47 on Clark Kellogg's late jump shot and Syracuse 67-57 in a non-conference matchup.

Illinois took 56 shots to Iowa's 33, but the Hawkeyes won 56-50, thanks to a whopping 20-6 advantage at the foul line. "I don't count shots," said Iowa Coach Lute Olson. "I only count quality shots, and we had enough of those to win." Michael Payne (6 of 10 from the floor) and Mark Gannon (5 of 8) had 15 points apiece for the Hawkeyes. Gannon also had five free throws, five rebounds and five "incidentals"—three forced turnovers, one block and one steal. Called The Hulk because of his build and strength, he made one basket while being decked and converted it into a three-point play. "I guess I was the most surprised guy on the floor," he said. "I knew I had been fouled, so why not shoot?" The quality stats Olson liked in Iowa's 62-40 win over Purdue were Guard Kevin Boyle's assists (eight) and defense (two points allowed to Purdue's Edmonson, who had been averaging 21.2). Asked why the Hawkeyes always play such good defense, Olson said, "On pain of death."

Trailing Kentucky 32-26 after connecting on only 11 of 32 first-half field-goal attempts, Tennessee got hot, making 17 of 26 in the second half, to take the SEC lead with a 70-66 win. Earlier, Tennessee shot a stunning 75% from the field while beating Mississippi 62-55. Vols Michael Brooks and Tyronne Beaman continued to star as replacements for Gary Carter and Ed Littleton, who were declared ineligible three weeks ago. The newcomers had 53 points and 22 assists in the two conference wins.

"Coaches don't have any magic to tell the players," said Georgia Coach Hugh Durham. "If they did, they'd tell them before the game." The Bulldogs' Dominique Wilkins didn't need coaching—or magic—in a 73-67 victory over Florida. He scored 26 points and in the closing seconds unveiled a 360-degree dunk. "I only do that when the game is won, not when it's on the line," he said. For the first time in 102 games Alabama veteran Eddie Phillips didn't start. No matter. Phillips came off the bench to score 21 points, get 12 rebounds and lead the Tide to a 71-53 defeat of Mississippi State.

Marquette got even for a loss to Southwestern Louisiana earlier this season in the Great Alaska shootout by winning a rematch in Milwaukee 80-67. Starting a possible crossfire of words, losing Coach Bobby Paschal said, "We beat them on a neutral floor in Alaska and they beat us on their home floor in

continued

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still feel we have the better basketball team."

DePaul Coach Ray Meyer wasn't pleased after his 1,000th game as a coach, a 71-69 victory over Dayton. With Terry Cummings in foul trouble, the Blue Demons didn't score a field goal in the last 5:08. "That was the worst game Terry ever played," said Meyer, warming up to a tirade. "It was our worst game of the year. We had so many opportunities to put them away and we didn't, so we deserved to lose. Dayton should have won in the last two minutes, but God smiled on me and they missed five straight free throws. We let Dayton control the offensive boards and just stood around hoping the ball would come to us by some magical force. We should have blown out Dayton in the first half, but Bernard Randolph, I guess, did not feel like playing defense." Nonetheless, Meyer got his 662nd win while joining Hank Ili (1,105), Adolph Rupp (1,064), Eddie Diddle (1,061) and Phog Allen (1,004) in the 1,000-game club.

MIDWEST Missouri is the Big Eight's leading proponent of equality. When the Tigers beat Colorado 72-50, Steve Stipanovich, Rocky Frasier, Marvin McCrary and Michael Walker all scored in double figures. "They have good chemistry," said Colorado Coach Tom Agke. "They play very effectively together, they do a lot of complicated things to make your job of playing them difficult, and they are superbly coached." Missouri Coach Nora Stewart admitted as much. "We're playing together real well," he said. "We're shooting 80% from the line. We're passing the ball real well. We've got a pretty good bench. If we can control the rebounding situation, that will be the key to our season."

When Evansville traveled to Kansas, the Purple Aces envisioned a date with destiny. Hot on a nine-game win streak, 10-1 Evansville felt a victory over the Jayhawks might gain it a national ranking. "Some people think we're the best team in Indiana right now," said Coach Dick Walters, "but people outside the state haven't heard of us. They'll notice if we beat Kansas." They should notice, even if the Purple Aces were 72-65 overtime losers. They never trailed until the overtime, when the Jayhawks' David Magley, who had 25 points and went 11 for 11 from the line, ignited an 11-2 burst to put the game out of reach. Evansville bounced back three nights later with an 82-52 defeat of Xavier in the teams' Midwestern City Conference opener. The Aces' Richie (Mags) Johnson had 20 points, 10 rebounds, four assists and three steals.

In another memorable game at a Big Eight gym, Arkansas edged Nebraska 51-50 by forcing 23 turnovers, eight more than the Cornhuskers' previous high this season. The Razorbacks, led by Scott Hastings' 18 points, shot 61.5%. Ed Nealy's 890th rebound, a

Kansas State career record, highlighted a 67-57 win over Western Illinois. While beating Marquette 70-65, the Wildcats made 13 consecutive field goals.

Texas ran its record to 9-0 with a bruising 55-50 defeat of Texas Tech. In the feature matchup, Longhorn Center LaSalle Thompson outmuscled Tech's powerful Clarence Swannegan with 17 rebounds and 14 points. "Our guys got a little tired, especially LaSalle," said Texas Coach Abe Lemons. "He has to play 40 minutes because we don't have another big guy—and he still hasn't recovered from Christmas." Fortunately, Thompson hasn't had to face Southwest Conference co-leader Houston, whose Akeem Oluwole, a 7-footer, had four steals in a 78-68 win over Tech.

After beating Creighton 80-55 in a Missouri Valley Conference opener, Tulsa took its eight-game winning streak to New Mexico State and was upset 74-66. The Aggies held Golden Hurricane scoring leader Greg Stewart to 11 points, while converting 20 of 23 free throws and getting double-figure performances from Jaime Pena, Steve Colter and Ernest Patterson.

Bradley shocked Wichita State 55-47 in Peoria. Mitchell Anderson had a game-high 17 points and Donald Reese anchored a zone defense that held the Shockers to 22 field goals and 35% accuracy from the floor. Thanks to David Thirskill, Bradley then availed an upset by beating Indiana State 79-77 in double O.T. Thirskill, who had missed two free throws with the score tied at 63 and three seconds left in regulation play, sank a game-winning two-point basket with six seconds left in the second extra period.

WEST After announcing that he'd retire at the end of this season to become the assistant to the school's athletic director, Arizona Coach Fred Snowden acted anything but retiring in a game with Washington State. Charged with three technicals and ejected in the last second of play, Snowden almost single-handedly created a weird finish in which Cougar Guard Tyrone Brown got to shoot eight free throws with one tick left on the clock. He made five, and Washington State, which had trailed 53-51 with 13 seconds left, won 59-53.

In all, it was a lost week for Arizona schools. In addition to losing to Washington State, the Wildcats fell 69-57 in overtime to Washington and 68-55 to Oregon State, and Arizona State went down to its fourth and fifth straight defeats, 53-43 to the Cougars and 47-46 to the Huskies. Idaho, relying on a near-perfect stall and Gordie Herbert's career-high 23 points, whipped Northern Arizona 59-46 in Flagstaff. The 13-0 Vandals also played at Nevada-Reno and won 72-66 in double overtime. Idaho's Brian Kellerman, the Big Sky Conference's Most Valuable Player last season, put the game into its first

overtime period with a 22-foot jumper and hit two clutch free throws with 2:08 left in the second. "It looked like we were on the road a week instead of a couple of days," said Coach Don Monson.

Pac-10 co-leader Oregon State seems to have a home-court advantage even on the road. At California 500 Beaver fans made more noise than 6,000 Bear fans, and for good reason. In a 74-43 romp, OSU forced 26 turnovers, and Les Conner, who scored 23 points, shut out Cal Guard Michael Chavez. UCLA lost to Washington 56-50 and USC 86-71. The surprising Huskies, 4-0 in the conference, got nine points from Steve Burks in the last 1:21 against the Bruins. Benefiting from extra free-throw practice taken in preparation for the UCLA game, the Trojans were 22 of 28 from the line. Has the NCAA probation left the Bruins, who played unaggressively in both losses, dazed? Coach Larry Farmer thought not. "We've got character," he said. "We want to win. The probation should not keep them from playing hard and winning." But sixth man Darren Daise disagreed. "I think the probation is really bothering us," he said. "We get behind and we don't come back the way we did last year." The 6-5 Bruins have lost all three of their Pac-10 games.

Another slumping power, BYU, was upset 50-40 by Colorado State the day 6'8" Forward Steve Trumbo, the Cougars' second-leading scorer and top rebounder, was suspended, reportedly for failing to meet BYU's own standard of "progress toward graduation," though by NCAA and WAC standards

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JOE DYKSTRA: Western Illinois' junior forward, a 945 foul shooter, set a consecutive free-throw record of 64 by sinking his first eight shots in the Leathernecks' 100-84 victory over Eastern Kentucky.

he was still eligible. After a successful appeal the following day, the suspension was lifted and Trumbo was available for Saturday's game with WAC leader Wyoming. No matter: BYU lost 61-42.

Talk about upsets, New Mexico not only beat taller, quicker Nevada-Las Vegas 72-70, but also got its biggest plays from the smallest man on the court—5'10" Phil Smith, the game's leading scorer with 26 points. Smith saved the win with a well-planned, last-second steal off Guard Larry Anderson. "I was ready for him," said Smith. "When he had to turn around to face the basket, that was my chance." Equally well planned was New Mexico's second-half offense. The Lobos went into a spread and made 16 of 20 shots from the floor, most of them layups, and 7 of 9 from the line.

END



Vassallo does his pointed-stick initiation.

by Craig Neff

At the Saturday morning session of last week's three-day, 20-nation U.S. Swimming International meet in Gainesville, Fla., Jesse Vassallo created a stir in the bleachers simply by walking past them. Little girl swimmers giggled and pointed, and an elderly priest in the third row turned pole. Vassallo, a University of Miami sophomore and the world-record holder in the 400-meter individual medley, was stark naked, except for the U.S. SWIMMING towel wrapped about his waist—a threadbare garment that happened to have a two-inch hole in it, right where the S for swimming should have been. "Hey, Jesse, I like

A big loss in Gainesville

A clear winner in '81, the U.S. was left in East Germany's wake this time

your backstroke," someone yelled. Vassallo, having swum his preliminaries and showered, was just looking for his pants.

The 1982 International was supposed to be an American-dominated meet, but instead, like Vassallo's towel, it exposed some bare spots in U.S. swimming. Of 28 individual events, Americans won only six, and not until the final event did they achieve an individual world best by Florida senior Craig Beardsley in the 200 butterfly. On the other hand, six East German women won an astonishing 12 and set five of the meet's seven world bests. "It's still very, very early in the season and there's no telling what shape we're in," warned U.S. Coach Peter Daland on Thursday, the day before the meet began. "And I think there are people out there lying in the bushes."

Tracy Caulkins, America's best all-around woman swimmer, discovered East German world-record holders Petra Schneider or Ute Geweniger lurking in four of her five races and lost all five. "I probably wasn't as well prepared for this as I was last year, but they also plain out-swam me," said Caulkins, now a University of Florida freshman, who in the 1981 International had defeated both Schneider and Geweniger and established six world bests. (Because the meet is held in a 25-meter or "short-course" pool, rather than in a regulation 50-meter pool, no world records could be set.) "There's something of a revenge factor involved," said Schneider, whose retribution included victories in the 400 individual medley, the 200 IM, and the 800 and 1,500 freestyles, with world bests in the last three. Geweniger won the 100 and 200 breaststrokes, with a world best in the 200.

Only a handful of U.S. swimmers performed up to expectations, notably Vassallo and the last active 1976 American Olympian, Wild Jill Sterkel. Besides swimming on two winning relay teams, Vassallo won the 400 IM and was second

in the 200 IM and 100 back. "I'm like a pointed stick," he said of his backstroke proficiency. "I keep thinking, 'Stretch out and streamline, point the toes.' A stick with no point and a lot of branches slows up very quickly in the water, but not a pointed stick." Sterkel, a junior at the University of Texas, surpassed the American best in the 50 freestyle and anchored two victorious relays, one of them a world-best by the U.S. 400 medley relay "A" team. Yet, for completely different reasons, both Vassallo and Sterkel had at one time or another expected not to be in Gainesville.

For a while Vassallo didn't expect to be at any meet like this. He stopped training entirely in 1980—having won two world, two Pan Am and 11 national championships—because of the Moscow Olympics boycott. "It was such a disappointment, I can't tell you," he says. But three months' absence from the pool made him start "feeling like a bum" and thinking with some guilt about his father, Victor, his biggest fan, who had been struck by a car and killed in October of 1977.

Victor had moved his family from Puerto Rico, where Jesse was born, to Florida and later to California so that his five sons could train with the finest swim clubs. "He wanted so badly for them to be in a sport," says Jesse's mother, Daisy, who helps run the family's plastic pipe company, Vassallo Industries. "He built them a basketball court, but that didn't work so he tore it up and put in a pool on the same spot. He was so proud of their swimming." He even promised to buy the first of his sons to set a world record a Porsche 928. Jesse was the first—and only—but Victor's four brothers, co-owners of Vassallo Industries, had to fulfill the pledge because the first of Jesse's two world marks came nine months after his father's death. Jesse, with a certain reverence, has kept the Porsche in mint condition. Similarly,

although his goatee, mustache and shaggy haircut make him look rather like the Doonesbury comic-strip character Zinker, Jesse won't change them. That was how Victor Vassallo looked.

Jesse returned to swimming in time for the post-Moscow Olympic Trials, in which he won the 400 IM after virtually no training, and he continued pouring it on through 1981, ending the year ranked first in the world in the 400 IM, third in the 200 back and fourth in the 200 IM. "I am having fun now," says Vassallo. "It had become drudgery, with me putting too much pressure on myself." He enrolled at Miami not only to be close to his mother but also to avoid the burden of swimming for a highly competitive, NCAA-championship contender.

Sterkel's doubts about attending the International were based purely on logistics. She had traveled to Spokane to receive the Broderick Cup as the nation's top woman college athlete—an award no swimmer had ever won—and was still there Friday morning. It took four airplanes and nearly 10 hours, but she reached Gainesville early Friday evening. "I switched flights, or it would have been midnight or later," she said. "I have a headache." Nevertheless, on the worst night of the meet for the U.S.—one win in 10 individual events—Sterkel led the American "A" 800 free relay team to victory.

Sterkel, an avid skin diver and water-polo player, has always been an adventuresome sort. During her high school days in Hacienda Heights, Calif., she and her friends would spend their evenings driving around with fire extinguishers, spraying pedestrians, other motorists and anyone else who came into range. "I guess you could say I have a mind for pranks," she says. At Texas, Sterkel has stuffed Coach Paul Bergen's 280Z with newspapers and covered it with unscrewed Oreo cookies. One reason she can get away with such behavior is that at 5'11" and a muscular 170 pounds, she's an imposing young woman.

Her size is an asset in sprints like the 50 free, where her powerful starts and turns make her all but unbeatable. In fact, going into Saturday night's final, she had never lost either a 50-yard or a 50-meter freestyle, and that included seven years of senior-level world-class competition. Sterkel, still only 20, finished second to Kim Peyton in the 100-meter free way back in the 1975 Pan Am Games and

swam the fastest leg on the 1976 U.S. Olympic 400 free relay team, which won America's only women's swimming gold medal at Montreal. Perhaps her greatest performance came last year, when she won five individual freestyle and butterfly events at the ALAA championships in March and an equal number of gold medals, including two in relays, at the World University Games in Italy.

But Saturday, while she was breaking Laurie Lehner's year-old U.S. best in the 50, Sterkel was also losing her unblemished record at the distance. East Germany's Caren (Moose) Metschuck, the world's best 100 freestyler and a woman of notable girth, breadth and brawn—bigger than Sterkel—finished in a world-best 25.28 seconds, .32 ahead of Sterkel.

"I am mad," said Sterkel. "I swam a terrible race. My right foot kind of slipped back on the start, and my turn was awful. I wish I could throw it out and start all over."

She had another shot at Metschuck on the final freestyle leg of that night's 400 medley relay and got some measure of revenge: Her split was 54.64 compared to Metschuck's 55.76, and the U.S. team won in 4:06.43, a world best by .52. In Sunday's 100 free, Metschuck, who had also won the 100 butterfly, won again while Sterkel finished fourth.

Aside from Metschuck, the stars of the meet were Schneider and Gewengier, the two contrasting 18-year-olds

from Karl-Marx-Stadt (Schneider, like Caulkins, would turn 19 on Monday). Schneider is most successful in the 400 individual medley, while Gewengier dominates the breaststroke and is Schneider's match in the 200 IM. Both speak in low, husky voices—prompting charges of steroid use—but neither is the frightening man-woman creature that exists in the minds of many Westerners. Schneider, whose parents are divorced, lives with her mother, a chemical-lab worker, and to be distinctive wears two earrings in her right ear but only one in her left. Gewengier, the daughter of a butcher, likes reggae and disco music and wants to be a cosmetologist. "In the future I will be able to use the psychological aspects to my advantage over Tracy because I have won here," she said.

For this year the "future" consists of just one meet, the world championships to be held Aug. 2 to 8 in Guayaquil, Ecuador. Vassallo, who was a local hero at the 1979 Pan Am Games in Puerto Rico, can't wait to compete in another Latin American venue. Most of the other American swimmers, who were unshaved and unrested for the International, are eager to show that their performances in Gainesville were an early-season fluke. As Caulkins said when it was all over, "This kind of meet can help us. The next time we'll be the ones out for revenge. Next time we're going to want it more."

END

East Germany's massive Metschuck is about to make a big splash in a 100 fly heat.

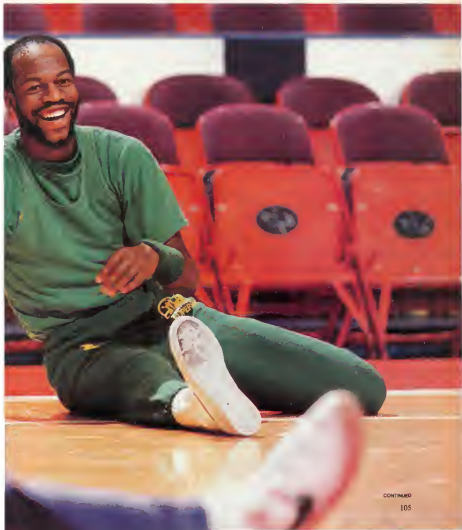


SIT UP AND TAKE



NOTICE

Someday people will appreciate Gus Williams, who's gotten rich after a year's holdout, and is making the Sonics boom by DAVID ISRAEL



CONTINUED

GUS WILLIAMS

continued



Portrait of a man in love—with the game, Williams goes to the basket against the Rockets.

Gus Williams, the star guard, No. 1 in your programs, No. 1 in your stats, arrives with the rest of them. Today the Seattle SuperSonics are keeping regular office hours, or, rather—in their world of midnight rambles—what passes for regular office hours.

It is nearing noon on another bleak Tuesday in Seattle, and just when most folks are contemplating lunch, the Sonics are contemplating the latest in a series of

plays devised by Coach Lenny Wilkens.

As the team warms up, the cavernous Kingdome is silent except for the dull echo of a basketball slapping against the court. During stretching exercises—when Jack Sikma and Lonnie Shelton and Fred Brown and Wally Walker and Bill Hanzlik and Gus Williams are arrayed on the floor like so many lean finger sandwiches on a tray—you hear an occasional self-conscious mumble or gig-

gle. Wilkens calls the players to order for half-court drills, which are supposed to be repetitious. Rehearsals always are in sport, as they are in the theater. Wilkens coolly repeats the warnings the Sonics have heard so many times. Hysteria isn't the mode here: Slogans aren't plastered on the wall. Everything about the practice reminds you it is business.

Then, just as quietly, Wilkens divides the Sonics into two squads of five and sends a couple of extra men to the sidelines to watch the full-court scrimmage. Grumbling, Gus Williams sits down next to John Johnson, the veteran forward who is recovering from surgery that repaired a torn Achilles tendon.

"When we start going full-court, he takes me out," Williams says. "Just when I can start having some fun."

That is the dramatic conflict in this story. Business against pleasure. Work against play. Delight against principle. It isn't quite a one-man show—there are too many supporting actors—but for the most part this is a drama acted within Gus Williams.

Here is a 28-year-old man who says he lives to play basketball but who denied himself his essence for a year.

"I love the game," Williams says. "I started playing basketball when I was five, when I was in kindergarten. I started heaving the ball up at the basket and then it became a way of life. But now it's my job, my livelihood, too. I love the game, and I missed the crowds. I missed the locker rooms. I missed it all."

Here is a man who turned down a three-year contract worth at least \$1.5 million and sat out all of last season because of one simple conviction: He thought he was worth more.

"As certain things went on during the negotiations," Williams says, "I learned my principles were stronger than I ever thought. I love the game so much. But certain principles can be much more valuable than playing or money."

What principles?

"I'd like to keep them to myself," Williams says.

"What principles is he talking about?" Williams' attorney is asked.



A much-needed assist for the Sonics, Williams plays thread-the-needle (top) and then strip-the-opposition

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDY HAY



"First, it's dignity," says Howard Slusher, who was the architect of the holdout, "an absolute concept of what the world's about and where he fits into it. It's, 'If you screw with me, I'm not going to play with you.' I don't know how you find out what you're worth, but Gus's idea was, 'Pay me what's fair, pay me what I'm worth.' He never thought they were willing to do that last year. Gus is a person with strong loyalties and strong beliefs once he makes up his mind."

Here is a man who dresses simply, who is embarrassed when confronted with his wealth, who lives an uncomplicated life—and who received a \$172,000 white Rolls-Royce Corniche as a bonus when he finally signed a five-year contract with the Sonics that will pay him close to \$700,000 annually.

"I want the Rolls because it's one of the finer things in life," Williams says. "Also, it's a good investment. But I don't want to show off, I don't want people to get the wrong idea. So I don't keep it in Seattle. People would notice. I've seen

maybe two Rolls in five years in Seattle."

Williams lives in an unobtrusive three-bedroom home in a suburb of Seattle. He is a bachelor and lives alone. "But I'm building a house down in Orinda, near Oakland, on some land I bought," he says. "I like it down there." There is the simple wardrobe: jeans, sweaters. There are no bedazzling furs and jewels. "The guys sometimes tease me about what I wear," he says. "But you're damned if you do and you're damned if you don't. It's either, 'Gus, spend your money,' or, 'Oh, look at Gus, he's rich now.'" And there is a Saab automobile, black, with subtle gold pinstriping, turbocharged—an automobile a lot like Gus Williams on a basketball court.

After a season in exile, Gus Williams has returned to his passion—and now every facet of his repertoire is markedly improved. He is among the league leaders in scoring, assists and steals. He leads Seattle in all three of those categories,

averaging 23.2 points, seven assists and 2.6 steals a game.

And as he has improved, so has he improved his team. Without Williams a year ago (and injured Paul Westphal and Lonnie Shelton for much of the season), the Sonics finished 34–48, last in the Pacific Division. With the 6' 2", 175-pound Roadrunner they made it to the 1977-78 NBA finals (losing to Washington), beat Washington to win the 1978-79 NBA championship and advanced to the 1979-80 Western Conference finals, in which they lost to Los Angeles. And now the Sonics are challenging the Lakers for the Pacific Division lead. After losing five of

continued

GUS WILLIAMS

Continued

their first eight games, they have won 19 of 25. In Los Angeles on Jan. 3, the night Kareem Abdul-Jabbar returned to the Laker lineup after missing six games (all of which the Lakers won) with an injured ankle, the Sonics beat the Lakers 110-90. Williams had 27 points, six rebounds and eight assists. All in a night's work.

"Gus is already one of the most exciting players in the league," Wilkens says. "He's so exciting that I look forward to coming to the games just to watch him. And it sounds trite, but he really does come to play every night. Even when I take him out of the game, he'll sit down and watch it . . . ready to come back in. That's a knack a lot of guys don't have. It probably comes from his burning desire to win. And I think that's going to make him one of the greatest to ever play the game."

When Wilkens speaks of Williams, there is a tone of reverence and delight, the kind a teacher has for a prize pupil. When Jack Ramsay, the Portland Trail Blazers' coach, considers Williams, there isn't the same enthusiasm. Gus Williams

can ruin Ramsay's night very quickly.

"He's the best open-court player in the league," Ramsay says of his Pacific Division nemesis. "No one else in his class even comes to mind. You take him out of there and it puts pressure on the other people on Seattle. Without him, there are no easy baskets. But with him, the way he can take the ball to the basket or pull up for the jumper, your defense isn't able to sag to the middle. He is simply the best."

When his teammates talk about Williams' contribution, there is a palpable sense of gratitude.

"Pace, tempo, whatever you want to call it, he provides it for us," says starting Forward Wally Walker. "We got practically no easy hoops last year. This year we're getting layups in the half-court game and a lot of transition baskets. . . . This year everything is a lot easier."

And it looks so easy, too. You watch Gus Williams and you imagine that when he was five, when he picked up a basketball for the first time, he automatically started skittering over the macadam court in a playground in his hometown

of Mount Vernon, N.Y. You imagine that Gus Williams was born to take the outlet pass and sprint to the baseline, to elude a defender with a stutter step, dribble behind his back with flamboyance, and dish off with panache.

He may well have been, but from the beginning he has been constantly striving for recognition, to have his worth appreciated.

Gus is one of five brothers. "We're stairs," he says. "I'm the oldest at 28, Ray's 27, Sam's 26, Charles is 25, and David's 24." They were raised by Roseanna, their hardworking mother, and Martha, their sister, who is 10 years older than Gus. The family patriarch, Gus Sr., who moved the family from Georgia to Mount Vernon, a suburb of New York, before the boys were born, died when Gus Jr. was six. He had worked for the sanitation department of Mount Vernon.

"We started playing together and with each other," Gus says. "When no one was around, we'd just play. We played a game called 'City.' The five of us played at the same time. One ball, the first one who gets 32 wins. That's a tough game, but it's fun."

In time, those skills would make the Williams brothers the first family of Mount Vernon—a town of 72,000 that is a curious fusion of inner-city ghetto and leafy Westchester County bedroom community. In time, those skills would provide the Williams brothers with the wherewithal to buy Roseanna a house on the other side of the railroad tracks that literally divide Mount Vernon between rich and poor. In time, Gus and Ray (who plays for the New Jersey Nets) would become NBA stars, Sam would win a scholarship to the University of San Francisco, and David would play for Central Washington State. Charles, now a security guard at Mount Vernon High, would make only brief appearances on the basketball court.

But as Gus reached the age of reason on the courts of the Mount Vernon Boys Club and the West Fourth Street Playground, success must have seemed very far away. The recognition would be a long time coming.

James Jones, the director of the Mount Vernon Boys Club, says Gus probably never recognized



On the footwear and Mount's balancing act, With Ray (left) and Gus, she poses for a Nike ad.

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15 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '91.

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GUS WILLIAMS

continued

his own gift. "He was never flashy on the court, or off the court, for that matter," says Jones. "I don't think he realized what a talent he was."

Neither did Vin Olsen, the former basketball coach at Mount Vernon High, who has since died. He cut Gus as a freshman and sophomore and relegated him to the junior varsity as a junior. "Maybe it was kind of embarrassing," Gus says. "but I love the game, so I kept going out until the coach said play. That finally happened when I became a senior."

When Gus was a senior, Mount Vernon had an exceptional team. With Williams, Rudy Hackert (who made All-East at Syracuse) and Earl Titum (All-America at Marquette before playing for the Lakers, Pacers, Celtics and Pistons in the NBA), the 1970-71 Knights averaged 90 points and won 22 straight games before losing in the finals of a national tournament. Gus averaged 24.3 points a game and led the fast-break offense. The three also entered the Rucker league in Harlem that summer and won a measure of respect for the suburban game.

"When people think about New York basketball, they think about Manhattan and Harlem," Williams says. "The guys down there had no respect for us. They called us farmers because we were from Westchester County. But we went down there and held our own. They saw us a few times and saw we could play basketball. Now they get respect up in Mount Vernon."

Williams never had to go to the Rucker league to prove anything to college coaches. Most everyone wanted him. He chose Southern Cal.

It took some time, as it always seems to, but Gus eventually distinguished himself at USC, too. He followed Paul Westphal as the star Trojan guard and probably never dreamed that their careers would intertwine again. But more about that later.

Playing basketball at USC in the '70s was like living in Oakland, in the shadow of the jewel of the West, San Francisco. No matter how hard you tried, or how well you performed, you couldn't get

more recognition than UCLA. In Williams' three years as a varsity starter under Coach Bob Boyd, the Trojans were 18-10, 24-5 and 18-8. In that same period, UCLA won the NCAA title twice and was beaten by North Carolina State



As Scottie, as elsewhere, Williams is the stay-at-home kind.

in the national semifinals. USC played to about 4,000 a night in the Los Angeles Sports Arena, a serviceable public building on the downtown campus of USC. UCLA played to a capacity 12,500 every night in bright and airy, privately endowed Pauley Pavilion on the Westwood campus.

In 1974, Williams' junior year, the Trojans met UCLA in the Sports Arena in the last game of the Pac-8 season with a chance for the conference title if they won. USC expectations were high. But UCLA was higher, racing to a 47-13 halftime lead and an 82-52 blowout that sent USC to the Collegiate Commissioners Association tournament.

"Williams was the most effective guard I had at USC," says Boyd, now the coach at Mississippi State. "Howie Dall-

mar, the Stanford coach at the time, told me he was the best guard he had ever seen." And Dallmar saw them all.

Gus got his bachelor's degree in communications and was the Golden State Warriors' second pick in the 1975 draft.

The pros were the same story for Gus. But this time he wasn't just fighting for recognition; he was also fighting for the ball. The Warriors were coming off a championship season in which Rick Barry had starred, and Rick Barry likes the basketball. With him, the Warriors ran one of the few offenses in basketball that were initiated in the frontcourt. That made it kind of difficult for someone like Gus Williams—who starts with the ball and penetrates through the lane to either the improbable pass or the implausible basket. As a rookie, Gus averaged 11.7 points.

The Western Conference finals that season came down to a seventh game between Phoenix and Golden State. The Warriors, emphasizing team unity, had swept the Bullets for the title in '75 as Barry, a Bay Area hero even though he had defected to and then returned from the ABA, averaged 30 points a game for the season. Now Barry had slumped to 21 a game, but the team still had the best record in the NBA, 59-23.

Barry and Williams didn't get along (something about there being only one ball) and Barry, as was his habit, pouted. So much so that in that decisive game against the Suns, at home, Barry scored only 20 points and seemed actually to avoid the ball as the Suns won, 94-86. Williams didn't play a minute in that game. So much for team unity.

Williams averaged 9.3 points a game in his second year, and, at the start of his third season, he held out for the first time. He was actually a free agent, but compensation was required then, and, according to Scotty Stirling, the Warriors' general manager at the time, no team was willing to sign Gus and give up the second-round draft choice Golden State was asking. Finally, two days before the start of the regular season, Gus signed a three-year contract with Seattle

continued

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GUS WILLIAMS

continued

worth between \$175,000 and \$200,000 annually, and the club agreed to pay the \$250,000 in deferred salary owed Williams by Golden State.

Twenty-three games later, Wilkens replaced Bob Hopkins as the Sonics' coach and made Williams and Dennis Johnson his starting guards. They flourished, and

so did Seattle. In his first three seasons under Wilkens, Gus averaged 18.1, 19.2 and 22.1 points a game, respectively, and the Sonics won their only championship.

But, somehow, Williams still never got the recognition he deserved. Overshadowed by Johnson, Sikma and Paul Silas on his own team, and by other Western Conference guards like Magic Johnson and George Gervin, Westphal, Lloyd Free and David Thompson, Williams never made an All-Star team.

"He's like a secret weapon," John Johnson, who has been both an opponent and a teammate, says. "He's the most underrated player, probably ever, in the NBA. He's never been in an All-Star game, but he's made a living off these guys."

And he's making a very good living off these guys once again. Williams insists that he won't make this year's All-Star game. It's nonsense, of course. He's having a better season than Johnson, Gervin, Free, Phil Ford or anyone else you might care to name. And although Dennis Johnson and Gervin are ahead of him in the balloting, whoever coaches the Western Conference team in this month's All-Star game will undoubtedly choose Williams for the squad.

But in other respects, Gus Williams is still struggling for recognition. A few weeks ago, Williams and a visitor to Seattle dined at Benjamin's, a fashionable restaurant in Bellevue. No one, not the waitress, not the maître d', not the aluminum-sided salesman in from Kansas City for a convention, recognized him or asked for an autograph. Could this have happened to Jerry West in Los Angeles?

The Sub is for Seattle, but Williams' blueprint for the future is in a San Francisco suburb.

Oscar Robertson in Cincinnati? Walt Frazier anywhere? No, but then Gus Williams seems to take it all in stride.

With things just as they are, the Sonics are the most improved team in the league. And should they contrive to get Westphal back, they might well be the NBA's best team.

More than a year ago, Wilkens traded Dennis Johnson to Phoenix for Westphal. He had these visions of Westphal and Williams racing downcourt, the most explosive tandem in the league. But then Williams sat out, and Westphal was sidelined after 10 games by a stress fracture in his right foot.

Now Williams is back, but Westphal isn't. He's healthy and has been working out full speed for more than a month, but he is unsigned. And getting him to agree to a contract is going to be no simple matter for Seattle owner Sam Schulman. Westphal, like fellow USC alumnus Williams, is also a client of Slusher's.

Slusher is probably the toughest agent operating in today's inflated sports economy. Two years ago he induced Sam Cunningham to sit out the 1980 season rather than play for the New England Patriots because of a contract dispute. An NFL fullback has a life-span of about 4½ years and there are many who felt Cunningham was ill-advised by Slusher. But Sam Bam got what he wanted—\$450,000 for two years—matter how tedious this past season.

Because of the enmity that developed between Slusher and Schulman over the Williams negotiations, Schulman has been even tougher in the Westphal dealings. But this time the Sonics' owner has a telling argument: Westphal is damaged goods. Schulman feels that no matter how many points the 31-year-old Westphal has scored and no matter how good an influence he has been on successful teams in Phoenix, because of his injured right foot he isn't worth the money (\$700,000 to \$1 million per season) Slusher is reportedly asking.

A year ago, when Williams was the issue, the negotiations were fitful and acrimonious. Once Williams even flew to Portland to rejoin the team; he was going to sign that day for one year, play that night and become a free agent at the end of the season. But at the last minute the Sonics changed the wording of the contract, and Slusher told Gus to return home to Mount Vernon. "My negotia-

continued



Stress can rob you of vitamins

What is stress?

Severe injury or infection, physical overwork, too many martini lunches, fad dieting—any condition that places an unusual demand upon your body constitutes stress and may cause B and C vitamin depletion, if the diet is inadequate.

Vitamins the body can't store.

Your body absorbs two kinds of vitamins from the food you eat: fat-soluble and water-soluble. Substantial reserves of the fat-soluble vitamins are accumulated in body tissues. But this is not true of most of the water-soluble vitamins, B-complex and C. They should be replaced every day.

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STRESSTABS® 600 has a single purpose: to help you avoid a B-complex and C vitamin deficiency. With 600 mg of vitamin C, and B-complex vitamins, high potency STRESSTABS® 600 can help restore your daily supply of

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A stress formula to meet a woman's need for iron.

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GUS WILLIAMS

continued

tions were up and down, a roller-coaster ride." Williams says now. "I would think things would work out and materialize, and then they would fall through. That time I went to Portland was as low as I got the whole time."

Williams let Slusher and Schulman bottle it out alone. He played tennis and racquetball, slept late and participated in a local basketball league. It made him anxious to watch Ray play—he was with the New York Knicks then—so after the exhibition season ended, Gus resolutely stayed away from Madison Square Garden. And when he went to the Boys Club or the playground, the curious asked too many questions.

"All my friends had jobs, so I would sleep until maybe two o'clock in the afternoon," Williams says. "And I'd stay up that late, too. I'd go to bed at two or three in the morning. I'm not much of a partygoer. I don't drink or anything like that, so I'd just stay home and my friends would come over, and we'd talk all night."

Occasionally, Slusher and Schulman would talk, too. Schulman's best offer was the three-year contract that was worth \$517,000 a season. Slusher demanded a five-year deal. And he never intended to settle for less, because Williams never did. Gus was playing from strength.

Westphal, on the other hand, is dealing from decided weakness. Last season he earned \$415,000 from the Sonics and intended to become a free agent. But because of his injuries—first a stress fracture and then a clean break incurred while practicing after the first injury had healed—no owner will take a chance for the money he and Slusher are demanding. Westphal has nixed playing again for the Sonics and he is reportedly considering playing in Europe for the rest of the year to show the NBA that he is sound.

Even though Williams was unemployed last season, he had a

six-figure income. There was the deferred money from the Golden State contract that was being paid, and Nike shoes and a soft drink called Mello Yello continued to pay Williams for endorsing their products while he was idle.

Schulman, a show business impresario operating out of Beverly Hills, should have understood that a kid who never quit trying to make the Mount Vernon High School basketball team certainly wasn't going to quit this time.

"I was a little shocked, I guess, by his stubbornness," Schulman says. "I still think it was wrong. But it's history. It was a very unfortunate experience, but I hold no vindictiveness. He had his position and I had mine. What's pleasurable is the way he's come back. I'm pleased by the way he's playing and taking over."

The same resolve continues to work for Williams. He makes the high school team. He gets a college scholarship. He becomes a star. He makes the NBA. He forces a trade. He wins a championship. He beats an owner at his own game. Business becomes pleasure. Work is play. Principle engenders delight.

"You can't look at this as making a decision to sit out a year," Slusher says. "It was a series of intermediary decisions. Can you hold out another month? Can you hold out another three weeks? And Gus never flinched. He never called and said he had to play. I had to call him if I

wanted to talk to him. The strange thing is that Schulman never knew we probably would have had to take the \$517,000 a year if he offered it for five years."

But Schulman never made that offer. He would never move off the three-year deal. Not even as it became clear that without Williams and with Westphal and Shelton hurt and Silas retired to coaching in San Diego, the season was going to be an unnatural disaster.

And then Schulman started a production company and bought a cable television channel. He put every Sonics game on television. It was the grand experiment, and Sam Schulman, impresario, needed to put on a good show. He needed Gus Williams.

He got him, but he paid dearly. Last June 19, Williams signed a five-year contract that will pay him the \$700,000 a year. The contract also provides for the Sonics to make five \$100,000 payments into an annuity fund for Williams. When he is 38, that fund will start to pay Williams \$250,000 a year for the rest of his life. When he dies, it will pay his heirs \$2 million. Another fringe benefit: the Rolls-Royce.

Schulman got what he needed. The Sonics lead the NBA in attendance for the fourth consecutive year, averaging more than 15,000 a game. And more than 15,000 cable TV subscriptions have been sold at \$120 each per season. Sam

Schulman's grand experiment is already in the black.

And Williams got what he wanted. The morning he signed the contract, he not only made back the money he lost by not playing basketball last season, but he also set himself up for life.

"I guess a lot of people are waiting for me to change," Williams says. "I'm waiting for it myself. But hey, I'm the same guy I always was. I've got the same personality. I haven't changed at all."

He's a man who still thinks the finest things in life are baskets, assists and steals. **END**



On the Mount Vernon High junior varsity, Williams had the ball in the squad photo.



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First Person

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

THE GLOBETROTTERS HADN'T CHANGED MUCH IN 30 YEARS. BUT THE FANS HAD

The figures are impressive, if not downright astounding. By December '81, the Harlem Globetrotters had traveled nearly three million miles in their 56 years of existence to play 15,000 basketball games in the U.S. and 99 foreign countries and territories. That's an average of about 268 games a year. An NBA team plays 82 games in the regular season.

I've seen only two of those 15,000 games, the first of them about 30 years ago in Honolulu's old Civic Auditorium. In those days the Globetrotters might well have been America's finest basketball team. They went a long way toward proving it on Feb. 20, 1948, when they beat George Mikan and the Minneapolis Lakers, who became National Basketball League champions later that year, in Chicago, 61-59.

An elderly great-uncle took me to that game in Hawaii—an uncle known to family members as a dignified sort, but who that night proved to have a somewhat less dignified side as well. Before the Trotters appeared, two women's teams played a preliminary game, and apparently they were all that Uncle Bill noticed. While I enjoyed the feature attraction, he told me over and over, clearly enthralled and delighted by it, how lovely those girls in their shorts had appeared. Goose Tatum and Marques Haynes failed to impress him. The various comedy routines that had the large crowd laughing uproariously weren't funny to Uncle Bill.

But every few minutes he would say, "They were something, Mike. Blondes, brunettes, all of them. I've never seen a sight quite like that before." Not knowing exactly how to react, I ignored him. Even so, he talked of little else in my presence for the next several weeks.

I grew up in Honolulu and played several of my high school basketball games for Punahou School in Civic Auditorium, and I was always glad that the Globetrotters had been there, done their magic on the same floor I dribbled on,

shot at the very baskets I aimed at.

After high school I played some AAU ball and was actually offered a tryout for a team that was to tour the Far East playing against the Globetrotters. But I had other obligations and turned the offer down, though I think I could have made that team. As a good shot and rather poor ball handler, I had the qualities that almost surely would have made me a sufficiently convincing fool and foil.

This past year the Globetrotters crossed my path again when they played in Ashland in rural southern Oregon, where the timber industry is faltering and the unemployment rate rises every day. I went to the game partly to try to imagine what my life might have been like if I had gone on tour against the

gon State College gym was a gentleman of 60 or so, and with him was a boy of 11 or 12. I couldn't help but recall the game I had seen with my Uncle Bill so long ago in Honolulu. But this man was different. He obviously loved what he was watching. Throughout the first half, almost without pause, he shook with laughter, his face flushed crimson, and over and over again his calloused hand slapped his thigh resoundingly. Two fingers had been amputated from that hand, so he was probably a mill worker, and I assumed he had recently been laid off. Most of them have been laid off, and a lot of the older ones are missing a finger or two.

The boy—his grandson, I learned from their conversation—was obviously bored; he barely glanced at the court, fidgeting endlessly, he ate a large bag of popcorn, drank three or four Cokes, and chewed up the ice, loudly.

"You see that? You see that one, Joey?" his grandfather asked him 20 or 30 times, but he got no response. Joey only spoke when he wanted something more to eat or drink.

The halftime entertainment included a young woman who did a trampoline routine in a modified bikini. Joey stared at her throughout her act, focusing so hard that if his eyes had popped out an inch or two, it wouldn't have surprised me.

Then, all through the second half, he gazed at the doorway across the gym through which she had disappeared after finishing her routine, and he repeatedly asked his grandfather questions about her. Could he wait outside afterward to see if he could get her autograph? Did she travel with the team, did he think, or was it possible she lived in Ashland?

Were the Globetrotters playing somewhere nearby the next night, and would she likely be there, and if so could they go again? I don't think the grandfather knew what to make of it. However, he ignored his grandson and watched the game.

I won't pretend that I know quite what to make of it, either, let alone try to claim that one man and one boy in a southern Oregon gymnasium, contrasted with their Honolulu counterparts of 30 years ago, can be used to substantiate a profound sociological statement. All I know for sure is that some things clearly have changed in those 30 years—and I went home after the game both puzzled and saddened by that.



Globetrotters, but mostly to assure myself that they hadn't changed. Middle age has made it necessary for me to identify something, somewhere, that has remained constant through the years.

And, sure enough, they still warm up to Sweet Georgia Brown. They still do the basketball skit, the football skit, the bucket of water trick and the free throw on an elastic band. They make life miserable for their straight men and the referees. Their opponents still come across as amiable boobs. Most of the Ashland crowd loved it despite the local economy, or perhaps partly because of it. Lots of people need diversions these days.

Sitting next to me in the Southern Ore-

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

SPORTSMAN (CONT.)

Sir:

When I received my copy of your Dec. 28-Jan. 4 issue and saw that you hadn't selected John McEnroe as Sportsman of the Year, I was initially dismayed. I intended to write a letter of protest, but after reading the superb article (*One Life Fulfilled*) by Frank Deford and thinking about what the word "sportsman" means, I changed my mind.

Sugar Ray Leonard has earned an unimagineable amount of money as a boxer, and he could probably make even more if he retired now and concentrated on selling his name in the manner of Bruce Jenner and many others. The fact that he continues to fight indicates to me that in spite of all the phony hoopla surrounding pro sports today, Sugar Ray fights on because he loves the sport of boxing for itself. That makes him Sportsman of the Year in my book. Three cheers for Sugar Ray, Frank Deford and SI.

JOHN S. PIERCE
Eugene, Ore.

Sir:

I was very disappointed to see Sugar Ray Leonard picked as Sportsman of the Year. You have honored a man who makes his living by beating other human beings into submission for huge sums of money. Where is the real sportsmanship in boxing? I must admit that Leonard is as fine a man as you can find. I only wish he had attained his success in another sport.

RICHARD GIBBENS ROBRICHAUX
Thibodaux, La.

Sir:

Sugar Ray is a commendable selection, although there is some question as to whether he is any more deserving than Alexis Arguello or Marvin Hagler. Nonetheless, your fine boxing coverage over the past year has been deeply appreciated by those of us who are bored with baseball strikes and burned out on football.

MIKE CROSSIN
Atlanta

Sir:

I commend you on your choice. As a resident of Maryland, Sugar Ray Leonard's home state, I have witnessed not only his expertise in the ring but also his patience with youths. Leonard has won well-deserved devotion and praise.

JULIE GALLOWAY
Hillcrest Heights, Md.

Sir:

"...like the majority of black children in America, Little Ray was born out of wedlock." I find it very difficult to believe that more than half of the black children in this country fall into that category. Can Frank Deford substantiate this statistic, or did he simply misuse the word "majority"? Either way, the statement wasn't germane to an otherwise excellent article.

ARTHUR P. TAROLLI
Arlhol, Mass.

• According to a National Center for Health Statistics estimate, 55% of all black births in 1979, the most recent year for which records have been compiled, were out of wedlock, with the figure for illegitimate children born to black teen-age mothers 15 to 19 years old at 85.1%. By comparison, 37.6% of all black children were born outside of marriage in 1970. In the '70s white illegitimate births rose from 5.7% in 1970 to 9.4% in 1979—and to 30.3% among 15- to 19-year-olds. In the years since Little Ray Leonard was born—that is, from 1973 through 1979—50.3% of all black babies were born out of wedlock, with the annual percentages ranging from 45.8% in 1973 to 50.3% in 1976 to 1979's high of 55%. However, the rate of illegitimate births among blacks has decreased from 95.5 births per 1,000 unmarried women aged 15 to 44 in 1970 to 85.3 per 1,000 in 1979, while the rate for whites has increased from 13.9 per 1,000 in 1970 to 15.1 per 1,000 in 1979. These national estimates by the NCHS are based on records obtained from 39 states and the District of Columbia. Until 1980, for which the figures are not yet in, the missing 11 states didn't require that a mother's marital status be included on a birth certificate. However, the NCHS has used the statistics in neighboring states to help derive figures for the missing ones, and a spokesman says that if some numbers are off a little, "the trends the figures show from year to year reflect the real changes very accurately."—ED

FOR THE BIRDS

Sir:

George Plimpton has written another wonderfully entertaining article for the readers of *SI (Birds That Never Were, Dec. 28-Jan. 4)*. In keeping with Victor Emmanuel's suggestion, I think the full name of the giant cacophonous should be Watt's common giant cacophonous cowbird.

Also, although I found the article enjoyable, it is hard for me to take seriously the writings of one who calls himself *Hadada*. This

THE BARBED WOOD PARTRIDGE
(KEVIN J. ZIMMER)
LOS CRUCES, N. Mex.

Sir:

As George Plimpton points out, there is a real bird, the shrike-vireo, that goes, "Peter, peter, peter, peter, peter, peter, pe-conoured

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—John Havlicek

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19TH HOLE continued

ter." This is already one damn peter-peter bird too many. The common giant cacophonous crowed ought to go, "George, george, george, george, george, george, george," possibly sounding something like a demented Liberace.

A. PETER HOLLS
Wilson, N.C.

Sir:

I received my usual Christmas gift of another yearly subscription to *SI*, an automatic stocking stuffer to keep the old man busy on Thursday evenings. However, the hole in my stocking was enlarged considerably by the weight of *The Audubon Society Review* contained under the cover of your Dec. 28-Jan. 4 issue. Really, did you have to devote 29 columns of words and graphics to the art of bird watching with Super Bowl Sunday then only 4½ weeks away?

HERBERT L. CURRIED
Rayham, Mass.

FAREWELLS TO PAGE

Sir:

Being a Viking fan, I've had a chance to follow the brilliant career of Alan Page, and now that he is retiring, I am delighted that *SI* has taken time to review his accomplishments (*A Page Out of NFL History*, Dec. 28-Jan. 4). He is ending his career with class, the same class he displayed throughout his 15 years in the NFL. When the Vikings let him go in 1978, they lost more than a defensive tackle; they lost Page's style, spirit and leadership. While Page was a Viking, the team went to four Super Bowls and rarely missed the playoffs. Since his departure, Minnesota has twice dipped below .500 and has missed the playoffs in two of the past three years. E. M. Swift was right when he said that football is going to miss this man.

BRYAN ROHWER
Batterfield, Minn.

Sir:

Reading the article on the retirement of Alan Page saddened me for several reasons. Sure, football is just entertainment, and its importance probably is "blown far out of proportion to what it really is." But Page is (was) an idol for a lot of youngsters—and a lot of adults, too. What gives him the right to refer to a sport that some of us love and die with as "the toy department?"

I, for one, grew up with Page, and I have always admired him for his ability. Therefore, I would like to be able to say that I will miss him. But if his statement reflects the true Alan Page, I say good riddance!

STEVE E. IRVIN
Baytown, Texas

DUMP THE DH?

Sir:

Though there are some flaws in Jim Kaplan's *VIEWPOINT* (Dec. 14) in regard to the designated hitter rule in the American League, I agree with his suggestion that the DH should be discarded. Its only redeeming

continued

GM

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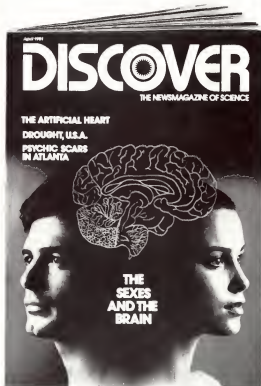
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19TH HOLE continued

feature is that it enables American League teams to keep some of the best hitters around a year or two longer.

The most important thing to keep in mind when considering the DH is that the rules should be exactly the same in both leagues. Either the American League should discard the DH or the National League should adopt it. It's a farce the way things stand now.

GEORGE SPECK TOPORCER
Huntington Station, N.Y.

Sir:

Jim Kaplan's Viewpoint is way off base. The use of a DH has tremendous advantages. It can extend a good hitter's career; it provides the offensive excitement the fans want to see; and it allows a pitcher to concentrate on what's really important, pitching.

But the most significant point in favor of the DH is the fact that just about everyone at every level of play uses it. It allows coaches to utilize as many players as possible, which is important to kids who are learning the game. Also, fewer parents complain. Seeing as the National is the only league in America that doesn't have the DH rule, wouldn't it be wiser to simply have it adopt the DH, rather than have the American League drop it? The latter would appear to me to be a step backward.

JOHN E. KOCH
USAF Academy, Colo

Sir:

Jim Kaplan is right. The DH rule is awful. Just think about it. Whom would you rather see hit, Brett Burns or Greg Luzinski? I hate home runs. Tommy John or Reggie Jackson? I can't stand it when the fans get excited. Jon Matlack or Al Oliver? RBIs are dumb. It's time we saw a real confrontation in the American League again. Picture this: Ron Gundy, the pitcher, vs. Mike Torres, the batter. A showstopper, literally. One, two, three—you're out, Kaplan.

CRAIG CASE
Indianapolis

Sir:

I agree with Jim Kaplan's idea of dumping the DH in the American League. However, I think his assessment of the Los Angeles Dodgers as the third- or fourth-best team in the National League is highly unjustified.

After earning a playoff spot with a great start, the Dodgers had to play the second half of the season with no further incentive, thanks to the baseball sink. Although they had no momentum going into the playoffs, they nonetheless won each series in gutsy, come-from-behind fashion.

RICK TABERRO
Palos Verdes, Calif.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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